THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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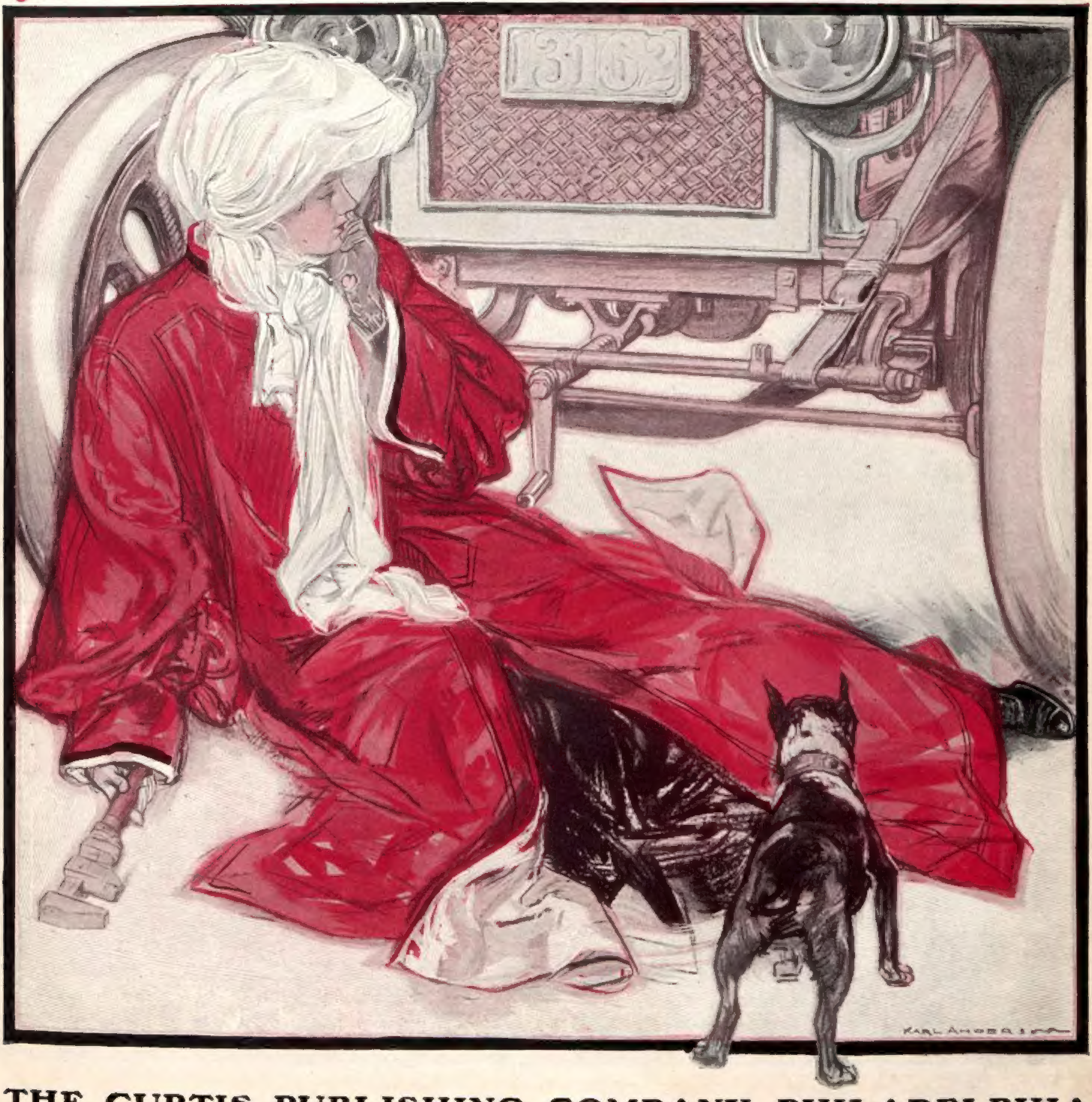
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KARL ANDERSON

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

The Real Pure Food Show
The Reason Why
Is in the Try
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Nicholas the Irresolute

BY W. T. STEAD

The Secret of the Collapse

IF PROCRASTINATION is the thief of time, it is the executioner of empires. The secret of the catastrophe which has overtaken Russia and her rulers is that they have habitually put off till to-morrow that which they ought to have done to-day. There are, of course, other remote sources of the trouble, but the immediate cause of the *débacle* is simple procrastination. The Russians and their rulers have been too late, not once or twice, but first and last and all the time.

The sins and crimes of the Russian Government are not offenses of to-day or even of yesterday. The oppression against which the revolution is a protest was far more grinding three years ago, thirteen years ago, twenty-five years ago, than it has been in the last twelve months. To say that the rulers of Russia have been despotic is not enough to explain why the despotism has collapsed. They have always been despotic, but the despotism did not collapse. Nicholas II is a far milder autocrat than Nicholas I, or than Alexander III.

But the autocracy with all its severity and brutality stood four-square to all the winds that blow, whereas to-day we see the autocracy in ruins. Why now and not then?

Of course, it is possible to say that the Czardom has filled up the measure of its iniquity, that the day of grace allotted to it has expired and that its Judgment Day has arrived. In France, in 1789, the ruling monarch was much less of a tyrant than his predecessors. The liberty of the *ancien régime* was never so much tempered with mercy and modified by modern ideas as in the few years that preceded the Terror. "The mills of God grind slowly." The Day of Judgment is often separated by a great interval from the Day of Transgression. But to all men and nations there comes a time

> When the full cup runneth o'er
> And mercy can endure no more;

and the fountains of the great deep are broken up and the flood is let loose. No poet has expressed better than Lowell the slow accumulation of offenses against the Day of Wrath:

> As flake by flake the beetling avalanches
>   Build up their imminent crags of noiseless snow,
> Till some chance thrill the loosened ruin launches
>   And the blind havoc leaps unwarned below,
> So grew and gathered through the silent years
> The Madness of a People, wrong by wrong.

That is much more true of Russia to-day than it was of France in 1848. It is "The Madness of a People" that has leaped like an avalanche from its bed among the glacial immobility of Russian life, and is overwhelming both Russia and her rulers with destruction. Oppression maketh even a wise man mad. Of oppression of all sorts and kinds there is ample store in all countries, even the most democratic. No matter how carefully Governments may be builded and however fair the front which they present to the world, their foundations always press heavily upon the poor, and it often happens that the more stately the superstructure the more onerous is the load beneath which its living foundation groans and sighs.

In Russia it may be that the wrongs and abuses under which the people groaned were more manifest than those in Britain or in America, but of one thing there is no doubt: in Russia there are more poor people than in Western lands, and the lack of food is more keenly felt than lack of freedom. It was well said many years ago that all revolutions are the political expressions of the pinch of hunger. When men can get three meals a day with regularity, or even two, there is no revolution. But when even one meal a day becomes difficult of attainment the soldiers of despair fall into line behind the barricades. Hence among the real causes of the Revolution in Russia must be placed:

1. The excessive cost of the army.
2. The enormous expenditure over the navy.
3. The ruinous protective tariff which has bled the peasant white in order to enrich the exchequer and the trusts.

It is the economic results of these three causes which have drained the life-blood of Russia, far more than the excesses of lawless, arbitrary rule which have brought about the catastrophe.

The Russian Government of to-day is not worse than it has ever been. It is more liberal than it has ever been since the Czardom was founded—more liberal actually, and potentially more liberal still. For it has only started upon its career of progress, and all that it has done has been avowedly but as a beginning. Why, then, was this moment of all others selected as the hour of execution? Granting that the nation's wrongs had slowly accumulated flake by flake for centuries, what loosed the beetling avalanche just now?

The answer is obvious. The Revolution came in 1905 because the War with Japan came in 1904. But both the War and the Revolution were brought about by procrastination.

The parable of the Ten Virgins should be engraved in letters of gold before the eyes of all statesmen. Of these ten virgins in the parable we read that five were wise and five were foolish. In Russia none of them was wise. They all slumbered and slept. The story of the origin of the Japanese War is one long history of fatuous folly finding expression in senseless delays. The first instance of this was when Marquis Ito came to St. Petersburg before the first Anglo Japanese treaty was concluded. Marquis Ito was most anxious to make an alliance with Russia. He told me himself, when he was in London, that his original idea was that Japan should ally herself with Russia rather than England. He offered the Czar the alliance and was graciously received. But the Russian Foreign Office raised difficulties. It was in vain some of the ablest and best-informed Russians warned the Government that Japan was far too formidable a Power for Russia to slight her overtures. There was time enough to see about that. While Marquis Ito impatiently chafed at the dilatory ways of the Russian diplomatists, Marquis Hayashi, the Japanese Ambassador in London, concluded the treaty with Great Britain. Thus, at the outset, Russia lost Japan as an ally not because she refused the alliance, but simply because she put off, and put off, and put off coming to a definite decision until another Power more alert snapped up the alliance and Russia's chance was lost.

If it was procrastination that cost Russia the Japanese alliance, still more was it procrastination that made Japan her foe. The moment the Japanese were turned out of Port Arthur they went into training to recover the lost prize. The day on which Port Arthur was leased to Russia, the Russians ought to have recognized the hoisting of their flag over the terminus of their railway as equivalent to a declaration of war against Japan and have prepared accordingly. The Japanese accepted it in that light, and from that moment concentrated all their energies upon the task of preparing for the inevitable conflict. Their first move was to offer Russia their alliance, their second to make an alliance with England which would secure them a single-handed fight with Russia.

The Russians even then refused to believe in the impending danger. When, six months and more before the outbreak of war, the Japanese began negotiations, they were met by the same dilatory tactics. With the Russians it was always "to-morrow." While the negotiations were dragging the Japanese pressed on hotfoot every preparation for war. The Russians did nothing. When the year was drawing to a close, Professor Maartens submitted to the Emperor a memorial, or report, setting forth how easily the dispute between Russia and Japan could be settled juridically by a reference to the tribunal at The Hague. The Emperor read it, approved it, and, taking his pencil, he wrote on the margin: "I quite agree. But—there is no hurry."

"There is no hurry!" That phrase may yet be inscribed by history as the epitaph of his dynasty. The negotiations continued. The Japanese became more and more urgent. The Russians went on dilly-dallying. To all warnings the Emperor replied that there was no need for fear: there would be no war. Of that he was absolutely certain. No effort was made to strengthen the garrison of Manchuria. The Russian somnolent Colossus would not rouse himself either to make peace or to prepare for war. Then, suddenly, as the bolt leaps from the thunder-cloud, came the Japanese declaration of war. The Emperor was heart-broken. He had never conceived the possibility of Japan taking the initiative, and, now that the catastrophe had come for which he had made no preparations, he beset himself too late to prepare for the war.

All the disasters in the war may be traced to this unreadiness. In Westminster Abbey on the tomb of Lord Lawrence, who saved the British Empire in India during the Mutiny, there are inscribed the words "Be Ready." Forgetting this, Russia has had to sacrifice her empire in China. Unreadiness was everywhere. In the army and still more in the navy, Russia found that her rulers had foreseen nothing, had prepared nothing, were behind with everything. As a result, the whole Russian navy, with the exception of a few cruisers, was wiped off the Pacific, and her armies were unable to win one solitary victory over the Japanese. After eighteen months of frightful sacrifices and an unbroken succession of humiliating defeats, Russia was compelled to sign a peace, making over to Japan everything that had been in dispute between them, and the southern half of Saghalien into the bargain.

The full extent of Russia's humiliation was marked in the eyes of the Westerns by the failure of Japan to exact an indemnity. But to the Russians the much-vaunted victory of Count Witte at Portsmouth was as nothing. Nothing could conceal the hateful reality that Russia had been beaten so utterly that she had been compelled to accept the terms dictated by Japan, minus the indemnity, and that she had lost at one fell blow all the fruits of all her sacrifices. Korea was to be Japanized, Port Arthur was lost. She no longer had an open water-port on the Pacific. Her railway was wrested from her, her fleet destroyed, "the Admiral of the Pacific" had become a laughing-stock, and, worst of all, Japan replaced Russia as the predominant Power at Pekin. This was no peace with honor. It was defeat with disgrace, utterly destructive of the prestige of the Government at home even more than abroad. The moral authority of the empire over its own subjects disappeared when the representatives of Japan dictated the Peace of Portsmouth.

The peace negotiations at Portsmouth preoccupied attention during August. I arrived in St. Petersburg on the twenty-fourth of that month, and had no intention of taking part in the discussion. But when I found that the Liberals of St. Petersburg were exceedingly distrustful of the good intentions of the Government and were by no means disposed to accept the Douma and make the best of it, I went to the Emperor and told him exactly how matters stood. He received me very kindly and we had a long conversation. I told him what I had heard on every side. Confidence in the sincerity of the Government had been destroyed. The Constitution of the Douma was regarded as unsatisfactory, but the fatal flaw in the whole matter was the absence of any provision for the establishment of the four fundamental liberties—of association, of public meeting, of the press and of the person—without which no representative assembly could come into existence. The Emperor assured me that he regarded the Douma as merely a first step toward the establishment of a National Assembly, and that, if it worked well, he was prepared to go further. As for the four liberties, he recognized that they were necessary. Laws establishing them were drafted and he expected to issue them in a few days. He would also appoint a Minister President and proclaim an amnesty.

A Conference with the Czar

THIS was in the first days of September. I begged him to allow me to state what he had told me to the press. He said he thought it would be a little precipitate. I implored him to remember that everything had been lost heretofore because he had not been precipitate enough. He also demurred, naturally enough, to the first intimation of his intentions being made known to his own subjects through the mouth of a foreigner. I recognized the justice of his objection and again urged him to lose not a day in making the proclamation himself and issuing the new laws at once. He said it would be done one of these days.

"In England," I said, "we have a saying, 'This day, Next day, Sometime, Never.' I do hope that it may not be put off until too late."

All that I could obtain was permission to hold conferences on "the Douma from the English point of view," which was, in brief, that it was better to accept the Douma as a first step, providing that it was accompanied by the prompt concession of the four fundamental liberties. Comparing the Douma to a horse I said: "A representative assembly without liberty of speech, of association and of the press, and without a habeas corpus act, is like a horse without any legs, and a representative assembly without a responsible minister is like a horse without any head. The concession of the Douma is a fraud, a delusion and a snare without the corollaries of freedom." The Emperor expressed his sympathy with my views, and cordially wished me success in my conferences.

I saw General Trepoff, and Count Solsky, the president of the Council of the Empire, and explained my point of view and what I proposed to do. General Trepoff demurred a little over the demand for habeas corpus, but ended by giving me permission to hold meetings, public or private, whenever I pleased to set forth my views. Count Solsky assured me that the Emperor had accepted the Douma as a limitation of his autocratic powers.

There was a preliminary difficulty. Just before I had arrived in Russia, Professor Milukoff, president of the League of Leagues, had been arrested and was at that moment lying in prison. He had never been informed on what charge he was arrested. The gendarmerie officer told me that he was being kept in jail until they found out what crime it was he was going to commit. I told the Emperor and told General Trepoff that it was nonsense talking about conceding representative institutions to Russia so long as they kept Professor Milukoff in jail. "If he has done anything criminal," I said, "try him, by all means, and if the courts find him guilty punish him as severely as you like. But to arrest him administratively and to keep him locked up on mere suspicion is to make a farce of the whole business." Until Milukoff was liberated I could not possibly appeal to any Liberal to accept the Douma. Three days after that conversation with General Trepoff, Professor Milukoff was liberated, and I naturally accepted his liberation as evidence that the Government intended loyally to follow up the ukase of the Douma by abandoning the practice of administrative arrest.

In the Zemstvo Congress

I WENT to Moscow. The Zemstvo Congress was in session. It decided against boycotting the Douma, but it did so only in order that it might secure a majority in the Douma in favor of refusing to do any business until a constituent assembly was summoned, elected by universal suffrage. At the close of the Congress a conference was held in Prince Doloroukoff's house for the discussion of my paper. It was translated into Russian and read to the conference by Professor Milukoff. In the discussion that followed, leading representatives of all shades of Liberal opinion took part. Professor Milukoff translated the speeches as they were being delivered. I replied to the first two and again summed up the discussion at the end. What I found was a fierce impatience at the delay that had taken place, an angry refusal to regard the Douma as an honest first step, and a contemptuous avowal of absolute disbelief in the assurances of the Government.

The speakers were eloquent enough, but very doctrinaire. They accused me of not taking a sufficiently serious view of the situation, whereas, if they had but known it, I was thinking as I listened to their harangues: "How many of these fine orators will have their throats cut before this time next year?" In my parting words I adjured them to remember the revolutionary forces which might be let loose if they refused to coöperate loyally with the Emperor in making the Douma the cornerstone of Russian liberty. I warned them that the fires of Baku might soon be blazing in Moscow, and I declared that I owed it to my conscience before God and man not to leave without addressing that last solemn warning word.

They were very courteous, but very furious. What presumption for a foreigner, and that foreigner an Englishman, to venture to lecture them as if they were barbarians! To which I meekly replied that I had only given them an English point of view and was delighted to have received in exchange the Russian point of view. And I could not resist the temptation of reminding them that they had at least had one free political meeting in which they could speak to their hearts' content what they felt about the situation.

From Moscow I went on to Saratoff, which had the reputation of being the hottest revolutionary centre in Russia. There I had an intensely interesting conference with the leading representatives of the Zemstvos. This time M. Shishkoff acted as interpreter. I replied to every speech as the speaker sat down, and when I left at two o'clock in the morning I had the satisfaction of feeling that I had at least made every one who heard me thoroughly understand my point of view.

This sampling of the public sentiment of the Russian nation sufficed to prove that it was absolutely of no use appealing to the Liberals to support the Emperor until the Emperor made good his words by deeds. The moment I found how the matter lay, I reported both to the Emperor and to General Trepoff that no one had the slightest confidence in anything that was said by the Government. No one believed words: they insisted upon acts—an amnesty, generous and immediate, and the prompt promulgation of laws guaranteeing personal liberty and the right to freedom of association, of public speech and free press. Until that was done nothing would win back the confidence of the people. I implored them to make administration harmonize with policy. "Having hoisted the white flag in the shape of the Douma, cease firing upon those whom you are inviting to share in the government of the empire!"

To-morrow, always to-morrow! Day followed day, and week after week, September gave place to October, and still nothing was done, and the Government every twenty-four hours was nearer the abyss.

It is not quite correct to say that nothing was done. General Glazoff, the Minister of Education, suggested to the Emperor that it would be a good thing to restore their liberty and right of self-government to the universities. The Emperor, anxious to make any practicable concessions, ordered General Glazoff to carry out his suggestion. The immediate result was that in every great city in Russia a kind of Alsatia of free speech was established.

Abortive Concessions

THE students are very well capable of supplying both audiences and orators for political meetings. But their first step was to invite their brethren the workmen to use their halls for purposes of political demonstrations. The workmen, nothing loth, invaded the universities. Night after night St. Petersburg, Moscow and other great centres of population, where once not even eight persons could sit together in a public restaurant without the interference of the police, enjoyed an orgy of free speech which resembled nothing so much as the scenes in the Palais Royal in the French Revolution. Social Democrats, Social Revolutionaries, describing themselves as such, had free course to declaim, at their own sweet will and pleasure, against the Czar and all his Ministers, to impeach the established order and to demand a revolution. Meetings of thousands of all classes and of both sexes were held where the wildest doctrines were acclaimed and the bloodiest crimes lauded to the skies. At one meeting excited orators would demand the prompt dispatch of the Czar, at another the speakers gloated over the prospect of setting up the guillotine in St. Isaac's Square to shear off the heads of the enemies of the people, and in a third a lady chemist described to an excited crowd the sweet simplicity of manufacturing high explosives in your own bedroom whereby, for the expenditure of a few copecks, bombs could be manufactured capable of blowing any bureaucrat to atoms. When orators grew hoarse, then audiences sang the Russian Marseillaise, or lashed themselves to fury by singing the dirge for the martyrs of freedom. Soldiers in uniform were there in plenty, and now and again an officer would vary the proceedings by assuring the delighted listeners that his regiment would never fire upon the people.

All the time that this saturnalia of sedition was flourishing in halls dedicated to art, literature and science, the police outside were breaking up meetings in private houses, the censors were busy blue-penciling newspaper proofs, and nothing was done to liberate the political prisoners, or even to suspend administrative arrests. Then toward the end of October the great railway strike broke out which held up the whole empire. That also was the result of procrastination. The grievances of the railway employees had been formulated in February. They had been promised consideration. Here was October and nothing done to redress their grievances! They decided to press for a settlement, and, by way of illustrating anew the old lesson of the Sibylline books, they added to their economic requests a demand for universal suffrage and a constituent assembly.

Up to the time of the breaking out of the strike it might have been possible for the Emperor to save the situation. An imperial manifesto embodying the promises which he had assured me at the beginning of September he fully intended to make and to fulfill might have averted the storm. But the sands were running fast out of the hourglass and nothing was done. Higher and higher rose the revolutionary roar from the halls of the university. The air grew electric with the sound of revolutionary songs. Then the men on the Reazan railway struck on the strength of a false report as to the arrest of some of their leaders.

The Spread of the Strike

FROM Reazan the strike spread as a prairie fire over all the railways of the empire. The Emperor at Peterhof could only communicate with St. Petersburg by sea. In the cities, tradesmen and banks, factories and shipyards struck in sympathy. The electric lights went out in the streets and in the houses. The gas was cut off at the main. The tramways were idle. The whole community, partly of its own free will and partly under the influence of terrorism judiciously applied, ceased from its labors and endured the miseries of a siege.

All this time Count Witte was urging the Emperor to take the decisive step, which every day's delay rendered more arduous and more dangerous. To make concessions now, instead of being regarded as an act of grace, would be scoffed at as evidence of impotence. The Emperor wavered. All one long week he wavered, hesitating between the counsels of reaction and of progress. At last, on the midnight of October 30, the struggle terminated in the issue of the imperial manifesto which promised a Constitution, raised the Douma to the dignity of a legislative assembly, and promised the fundamental liberties. Count Witte was

(Concluded on Page 25)

A MORNING CALL

Miss Warren's Visitor and Mrs. Grayson's Revolver

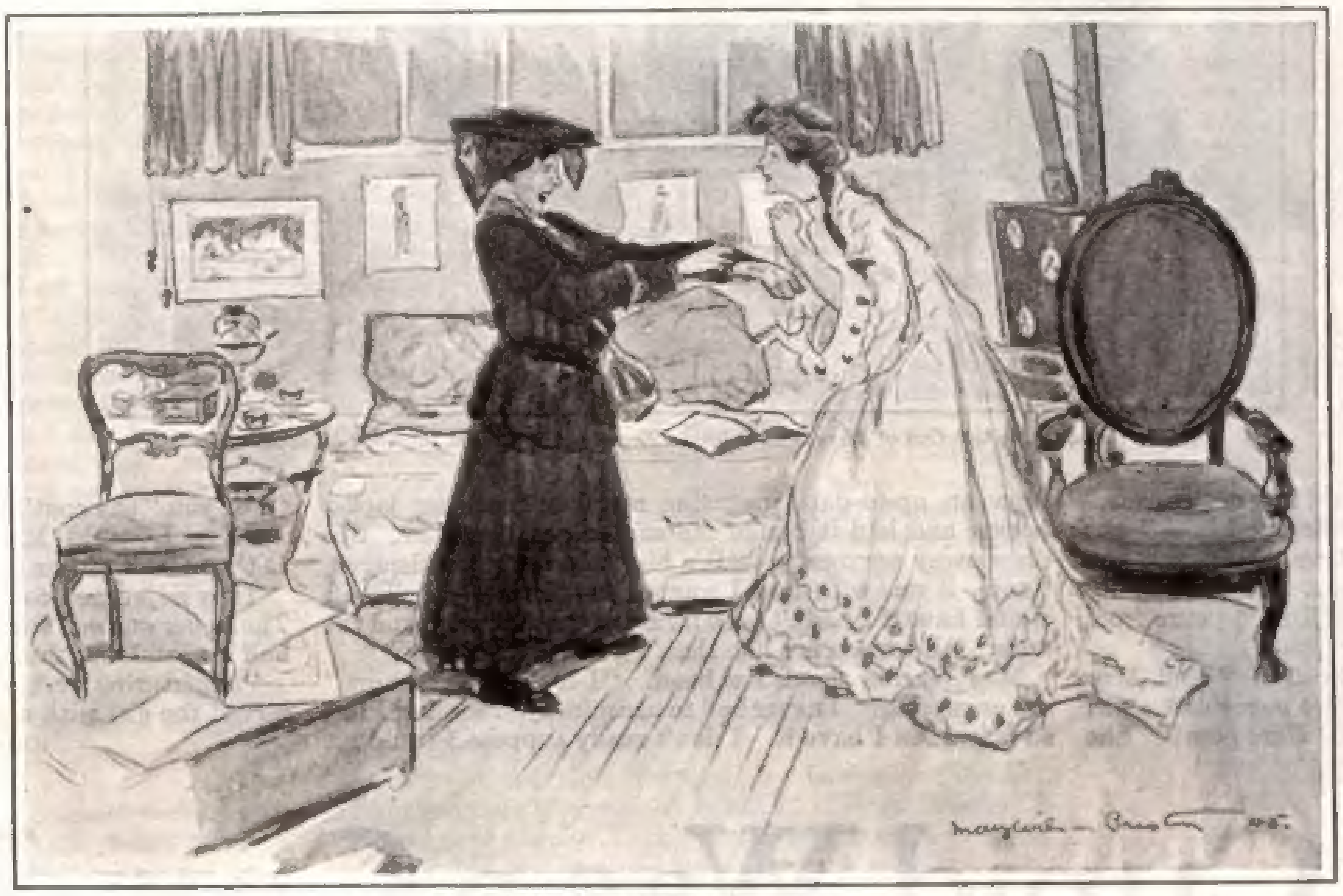
By Ethel Watts Mumford

MISS WARREN turned her head and listened intently. There was a pause of absolute silence, followed by a creak, a tinkle, and the softest of soft footfalls. Miss Warren rose, gathered the floating folds of her azure tea-gown about her, and walked to the door of the narrow corridor leading to the rear of her flat.

She glanced at the silver clock on the mantelshelf—half after one. From a box on the tea-table at her side she extracted a snub-nosed, double-barreled pocket derringer and slipped it inside her sleeve, where it hung in the loose loop of silk, invisible but convenient. All was still. Turning through the door on the left, she found herself in the pantry—the rear room being the dining-room opening upon the fire-escape. With a snap she turned on the electric light.

Before her, blinking at the light, stood a slim young woman in a black walking-suit, a handbag slung at her side by a shoulder strap.

The girl's face was deadly white, her dark hair disarranged, her eyes, intelligent and black, were turned in a hard, bright stare upon the woman before her.



"He Struck Me," Explained the Girl

"What are you going to do?" she asked in a low voice.

"That depends," answered Miss Warren, "on what you intend to do."

"I intend to get out of here, and without any row, too," the intruder announced, thrusting her ungloved hands deep into the pockets of her jacket.

"What's your hurry?" inquired Miss Warren.

"I'm running away," confessed the other. "Put out that light, will you?"

Miss Warren considered. "Well, if you're running away, nobody will think you would take refuge where any one is awake. Did you break the window?—No? Then lock it from where you stand, on the inside. You've already done it? Weren't you afraid to cut off your exit?"

The girl shook her head. "I was more afraid of their spotting where I went in. I took my chance on getting out through the apartment. Please put out that light!"

"Better leave it," insisted Miss Warren. "However, come on through." She stepped aside as she spoke, and smiled invitingly. "After you, my dear Alphonse."

The girl had been taking stock of her involuntary hostess—noting the mass of golden hair, the sweet, dimpled face with its childish blue eyes and humorous, inquisitive mouth; no detail of the frilled, embroidered, flower-trimmed *robe de chambre* and the velvet tips of tiny high-heeled "mules" escaped her. A look of relief crossed her pallid face.

"All right, Gaston," she said, and walked through to the pantry, into the corridor and thence to the sitting-room, where the lamp cast a warm, shaded glow over a miscellaneous collection of objects of art and feminine luxuries. There she paused. "Which way do I get out?" she inquired calmly.

"That's the door over there." Miss Warren nodded in its direction. "But, if I were you, and I might be followed, I wouldn't rush right out like that. Why don't you wait here and see what happens? If any one comes, you're a friend of mine stopping with me—I gave you the keys and you let yourself in, so the janitor didn't see you—understand?"

The girl gazed at her in amazement. "Mean that?" she asked suspiciously.

Miss Warren nodded. "Oh, yes, I mean it! No girl runs away from home unless she has good reason—certainly, when she takes to the fire-escapes at this time of night."

"He struck me," explained the girl sullenly. She lifted her cuff, revealing a bruise. "My husband!" she added fiercely.

"You'll forgive him," said Miss Warren cheerfully.

"Do you think so?" The tone was so icy that Miss Warren looked into the glittering black eyes before her for a moment before she dropped her own.

"Of course, I don't know," she answered lamely. The other sneered.

"Of course you don't. How should you? You couldn't be a married woman and look as you do—you're a baby in experience. Look at me! You could blunt a gimlet on my face. That's what matrimony does for a woman!"

"Poor thing! Was he so very brutal?"

"Beast!"

"You didn't—do anything—hurt him—or—when you left?"

Miss Warren's eyes were wide with a new suspicion and terror.

The girl laughed harshly. "Kill him, you mean? No—I didn't—I thought of it, though—now I wish I had!"

Miss Warren sighed with relief. "Oh,no! You couldn't. But what will you do now—go home to your family?"

"No. I haven't a home to go to—only my aunt in Oklahoma. I may go there after a while. I think I will stay right here in the city for a week or so."

"How will you live?"

"Oh, I've some money, and I took my jewelry! It isn't much," she added apologetically, "but it's mine. It came to me from my own people—things I inherited, and wedding presents. I didn't take a thing that *he* gave me—left everything of his on the bureau. He can't say I robbed him."

"But he wouldn't say that of his own wife!"

"Yes, he would, too."

Miss Warren gasped. "I don't think," she said judicially, "I will ever marry."

"Don't," said the wife grimly. "But you don't have to—I see you're independent. You're an artist, aren't you?"

The golden head nodded assent. "Yes—how did you guess?"

"Oh, from the look of your place, and the sketches hung on the wall, the skylight and all—and then you—you're artistic, the right variety, not the sloppy sort. You look like the kind that paints miniatures at five hundred per minute."

"I think you have second sight," said Miss Warren.

"What was that?" the visitor exclaimed, springing to her feet, alert and tense.

The women held their breath expectantly, and Miss Warren inventoried her guest. She had recognized the disturbing noise as the velvety thump of her Angora cat leaping from his favorite sleeping-place on top of the dresser in the bedroom. A moment later a loud purr corroborated her thought and relieved the situation, as Tomo, tail in air, entered the room, sprang upon his mistress' lap and sniffed affectionately at her nose.

"You gave us a start, O Pig-Cat of my heart!" she said. "What is it?—Hungry? Go find mices for mother. Oh," she exclaimed, "that reminds me; I'm no sort of a hostess. Poor soul, you must be used up—you must have a bite with me! What will you have to drink? I've a little brandy, I think, and there's some claret and ginger ale—and a bottle of milk."

She rose as she spoke. The runaway followed her example, but without enthusiasm.

"No, I thank you," she said. "I'm neither hungry nor thirsty—don't bother, please."

Miss Warren laughed. "I hadn't the slightest intention of doping you," she said quietly; "but don't tell me you don't need it—food, not doping, you know. You're worn out, Mrs.—whatever-your-name is?"

"Grayson," said the girl.

"Mrs. Grayson, then, go into the pantry yourself and take out what you want. You'll find everything in the ice-box. Bring me whatever you choose. I'm hungry—and I'll trust you. If you didn't kill Mr. Grayson, why you certainly won't poison me." She smiled merrily.

"What made you think I thought you'd doctor me?" inquired Mrs. Grayson.

"You didn't write it on a placard, of course," replied the hostess, "but you might just as well have done so. You're too ingenuous, my girl."

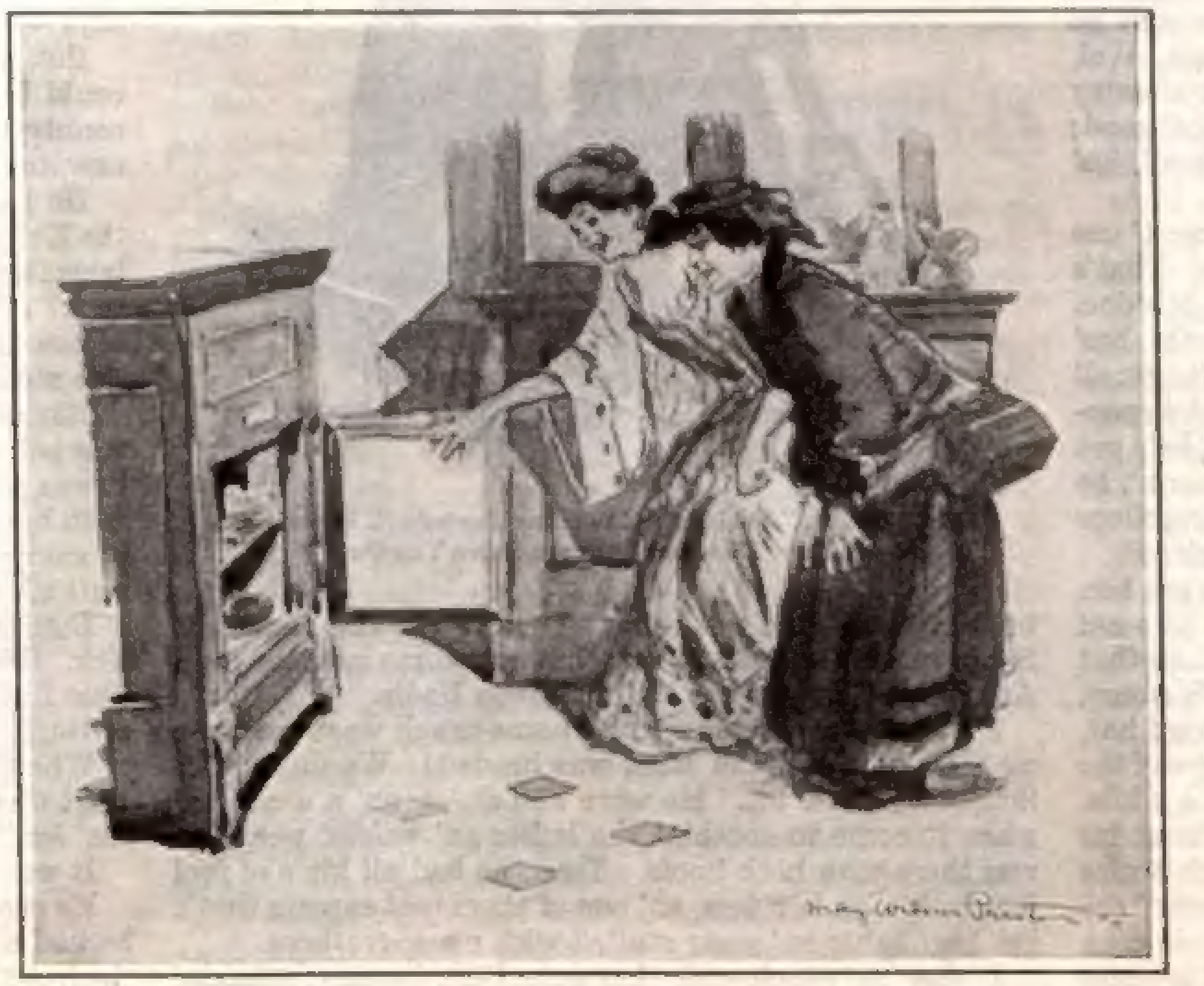
A look of annoyance, almost of affront, crossed the pale face. "Well, nobody ever told me that before!" she said.

"Go help yourself, anyway. I've relieved your fears."

"Come, too," said the guest, her quick glance sweeping the walls of the room.

"No," said Miss Warren, laughing again; "the telephone isn't here; it's in my room. My word! You *are* suspicious."

Mrs. Grayson started, the expression of annoyance deepening. "Well, I *must* be a sieve!" she exclaimed. "For goodness' sake,



"Miniaturing isn't a Starvation Game Evidently," Observed the Girl with a Grin are you a human Marconi station? I didn't want to hurt your feelings, you know, after you've been so white to me; but it's been so long since I was treated with any consideration that I get leery if any one is half decent to me, and you—well—you haven't any reason to be kind."

"Oh, yes, I have," was the cordial rejoinder; "every reason—the best of reasons! I was bored to extinction when you dropped in—bored, and not a bit sleepy. I have insomnia, you see; didn't want to take a powder—they interfere with my work, I find. Like all 'would-be's' I'm proud of my art, and want to do my best. Thanks to you, I've spent a very interesting hour—so, come on—I'll go with you, and you can rifle the ice-box."

Mrs. Grayson smiled for the first time. She had a large, flexible, boyish mouth and excellent teeth. The smile was attractive. "Miss—what-ever-your-name-is ——"

"Miss Ely," said Miss Warren promptly.

"Miss Ely, would you mind putting up that revolver that's lying in the loop of your sleeve? I've a horrid fear of firearms."

Miss Warren blushed crimson. "Really I ——" she hesitated. "I'd forgotten I had it there. However, you have quite disarmed me, Mrs. Grayson. I'll put my revolver here on the mantelshelf if you'll take yours from your pocket and put it there, too."

It was the guest's turn to start and color. "Well, Miss Marconi, it's X-ray eyes you have. I've never met a girl with all modern improvements before. Here goes!" She drew an up-to-date magazine revolver from her jacket pocket and laid it beside the snub-nosed derringer. She drew away nervously. "It's his," she almost whispered, "and—it was with that I wanted to kill him—I believe I would have if I hadn't been afraid of the explosion and the mess. All women are like that, I guess. Aren't you?"

Miss Warren shook her head. "I really don't know," she answered. "I never had to use mine, you see, but I feel so safe when I have it. I don't really suppose I could hit the side of a house at two paces; but it is a comforting sensation to hold one in one's hand, isn't it? You see, I felt I could shoot right through the sleeve, if I had to; just slip my hand inside—so—— It would have spoiled my tea-gown, or set it on fire, perhaps. I suppose you thought the same thing. Funny, wasn't it? And how fortunate we didn't happen to be two foolish women, and shot each other out of sheer nervousness!"

"Isn't it, though? What a funny situation, anyway! It was a very ticklish minute."

"I felt very thumpy," admitted Miss Warren.

"I do still," confessed Mrs. Grayson.

"You'll find the brandy in a little silver flask on my dressing-table; just enough for you. I think you are justified."

The slim black figure disappeared between the curtains into the bedroom and reappeared with the flask. "Soda?" she said with businesslike directness.

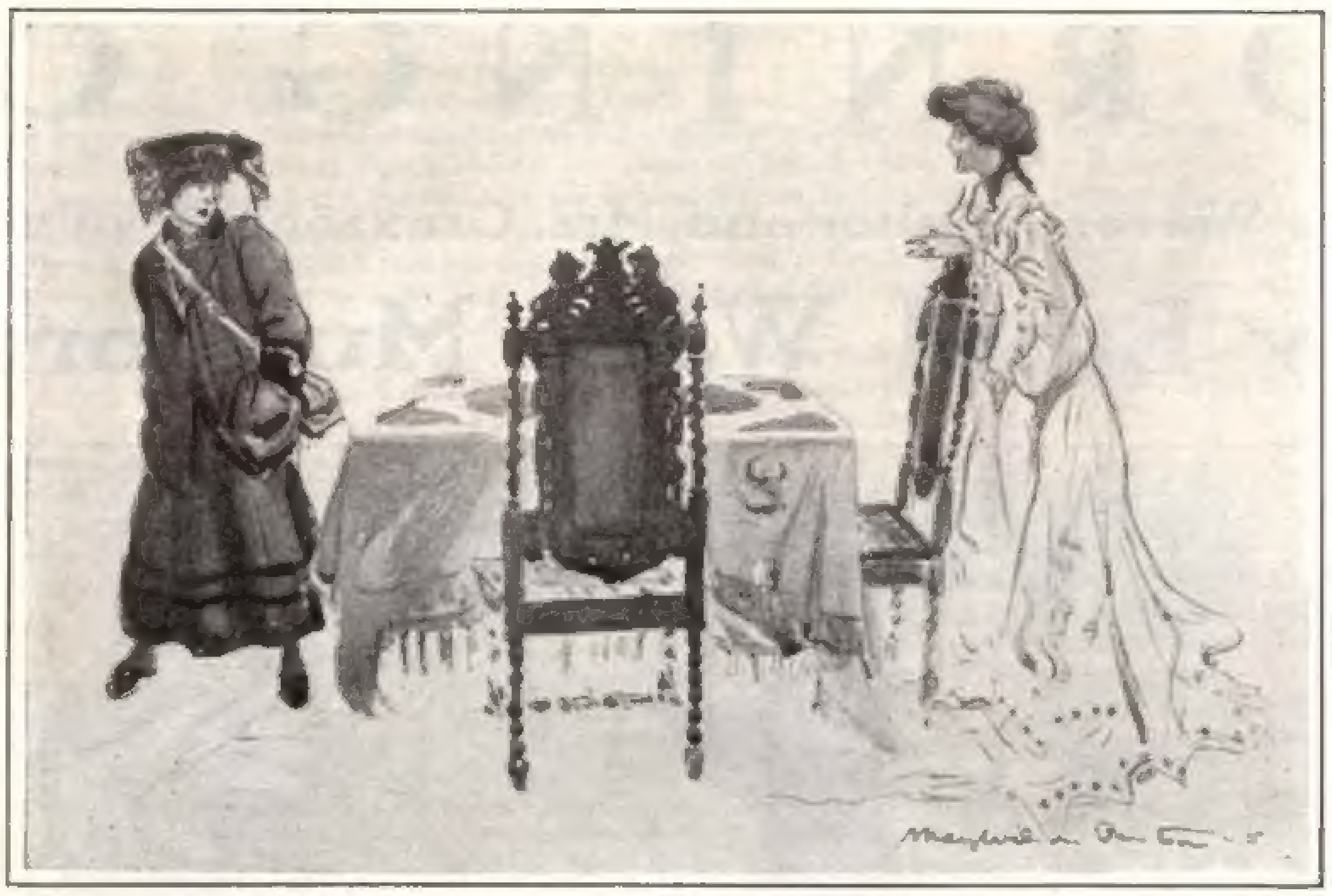
"Ice-box," said Miss Warren. "For you," she continued; "I never touch anything."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Grayson, "except as medicine. Let's make it ginger ale."

They adjourned to the pantry and turned on the light. The larder was well stocked—cheese, crackers, cold chicken, half a cantaloup, the remains of a lobster salad.

"Miniaturing isn't a starvation game, evidently," observed the girl with a grin. "Are you your own cook?"

(Continued on Page 19)



"I Intend to Get Out of Here, and Without Any Row, Too," the Intruder Announced

When Cupid Was a Cow-Punch

Rose Andrews' Hand and Doctor Bugs' Gasoline Bronc

BY ELEANOR GATES

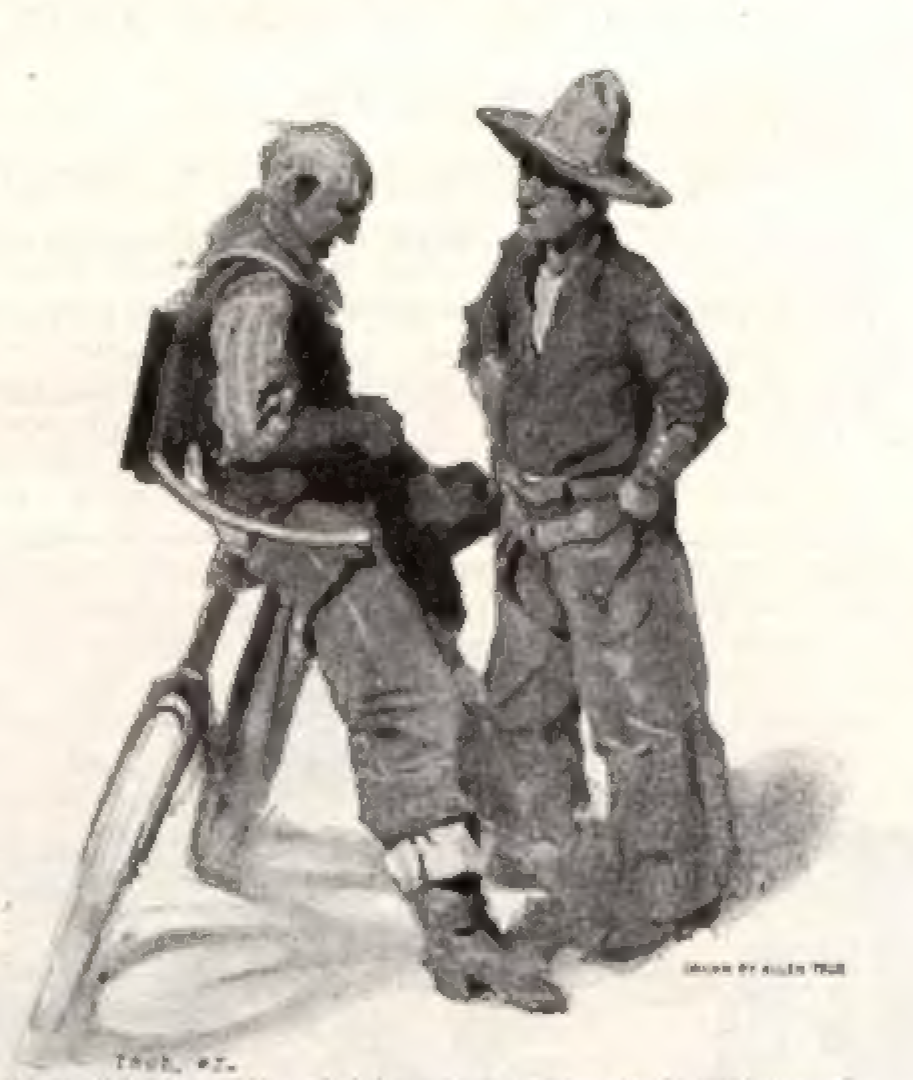
Author of A Round-Up in Central Park, The Biography of a Prairie Girl

NO FELLER likes t' stick in his lip where he ain't wanted—that's a cinch. But oncet in a while it's plumb needful. Now, I'd knowed ole man Hart 'fore he wired-in half the Panhandle, an' I'd knowed his gal, Rose, since she was knee-high to a hop-toad. Pritty gal, she is, by thunder! an' mighty sweet. Wal, when, after tyin' up t' that blame fool, "Sic' 'em" Andrews, she'd got her matreemonial hobbles off in less'n three months—owin' t' Monkey Mike bein' a little sooner in the trigger finger—w'y, d' you suppose I was goin' to stan' by an' see any tin-horn proposition put a vent bran' on her? *Nixey!*

It was ole man Hart bossed the first job an' cut out Andrews for Rose's pardner. Hart's that breed, y' know; hard-mouthed as a mule, an' if he can't run things, w'y, he'll take a duck-fit. But he shore put his foot in it that time. "Sic' 'em" was as ornery an' sneakin' as a coyote, allus gittin' other folks in to a mix-up if he could, but stayin' outen range hisself. The little gal didn't have no easy go with him—we all knowed *that*, an' she wasn't happy. Wal, Mike easied the sittywation. He took a gun with a' extry long carry an' put a lead pill where it'd do the mos' good; an' the hull passel of us was plumb tickled, that's all, jus' plumb tickled—even t' the Sheriff.

I said pill jus' now. Funny how I natu'lly come t' use doctor words when I think of this par*ticular* muss. That's because Simpson, the tin-horn gent I mentioned, is a doc. An' so's Billy Trowbridge—Billy Trowbridge is the bes' medicine-man we ever had in these parts, if he *did* git all his learnin' right here from his pa. He ain't got the spondulix, an' so he ain't what you'd call tony. But he's got his doctor certifi*cate* O. K., an' when it comes t' curin', he can give cards an' spades to any of you' highfalutin college gezabas an' *then* beat out by a mile. That's *straight*.

Billy, he'd allus liked Rose—long 'fore Andrews got her. An' Rose'd allus liked Billy. Wal, after "Sic' 'em's" s-a-d endin', you bet we all fixed it up quick amongst us that Billy'd be ole man Hart's new son-in-law. Billy's smart, an' young, an' no drunk. He ain't never wore no hard hat, neither, or roached his mane pompydory, an' he's one of the kin' that takes a run at his fingernails oncet in a while. Now, maybe a puncher or a red ain't par*ticular* 'bout his han's; but a profeshnal gent's got to be. An' with a nice gal like Rose, it shore do stack up. But it didn't stan' the chanst of a snow-man in Yuma when it come to ole man Hart. Doc Simpson was new in town, an' Hart'd ast him out to supper at the Diamond O two or three times. An' he was clean stuck on him. T' hear the ole man talk, Simpson was the cutest thing that ever come in to the sage. An' Billy? He was the bad man fr'm Bodie.



"Billy," I Says, "You Goin' t' Let Any Sawed-off, Hammered-down Runt Like that Simpson Drive You Out?"

Say, but we punchers at the home-ranch was sore when we seen how ole man Hart was headed! We didn't like Simpson a little bit. He wore fine clo'es, an' a dicer, an' when it come to soothin' the ladies an' holein' paws, he was there with both hoofs. Then, he had all kin's of fool jiggers for his business, an' one of them toot surreys that's got headlights an' seats stuffed with goose-feathers.

It was that gasoline rig that done Billy damage, speakin' financial. The minnit folks knowed it was in the terrytory, w'y, they got a misery somewheres 'bout 'em quick—jus' to have it come an' stan' out in front, smellin' as all-fired nasty as a' Injun, but lookin' turrible stylish. The men was bad 'nough 'bout it, an' when they had one of Doc Simpson's drenches, they haids was as big as Bill Williams' Mountain. But the women! The *hull* cavvieyard of 'em, 'ceptin' Rose, stampeded over to him. An' Billy got such a snow-under that they had him a-diggin' for his grass.

I was plumb crazy 'bout it. "Billy," I says one day when I met him a-comin' fr'm 'Pache Sam's hogan on his bi*si*cle—"Billy, you got to do somethin'." (Course I didn't mention Rose.) "You goin' t' let any sawed-off, hammered-down runt like that Simpson drive you out? W'y, it's free grazin' here!"

Billy, he smiled kinda wistful an' begun to brush the alkali offen that ole Stetson of hisn, turnin' it 'roun' an' 'roun' like he was worried. "Oh, never min', Alec," he says—"jus' keep on you' shirt."

But pritty soon things got a darn sight worse, an' I could hardly hole in. Not satisfied with havin' the hull country on his trail 'count of that surrey, Simpson tried a new deal: he got to discoverin' bugs!

He foun' out that Bill Rawson had malaria bugs, an' the Kelly kid had diphtheria bugs, an' Dutchy had typhoid bugs that didn't do business owin' to the alcohol in his system. (*Too* bad!) W'y, it was 'stonishin' how many kin's of new-fangled critters we'd never heerd of was a-livin' on this mesa!

But all his bugs didn't split no shakes with Rose. She was polite to Simpson, an' frien'ly, but nuthin' worse. An' it was plainer 'n the nose on you' face that Billy was solid with her. But the ole man is the hull show in that fambly, y' savvy, an' all we could do was t' hope like sixty that nuthin' 'd happen to give Simpson a' extry chanst.

But, shucks! Somethin' *did* happen—Rose's baby got sick. Wouldn't eat, wouldn't sleep, kinda whined all the time like a sick purp, an' begun to look peaked, pore little critter.

When the news got to the bunk-house (I was ridin' for Hart then) we was plumb nervous. "Which'll the ole man sen' for," we says, "—Simpson or Billy?"

It was that bug-doctor!

He come down the road two-forty, sittin' up as stiff as if he had a ramrod in his backbone. When he turned in to the front yard he staked out his surrey clost t' the porch an' stepped down. My! such nice little button shoes!

"Oh, ma," says Monkey Mike, "he's too rich for *my* blood!"

The ole man come out to say howdy. When Simpson seen him, he says, "Mr. Hart, they's some hens 'roun' here, an' I don't want 'em to hop into my machine whilst I'm in the house." Then he looks over t' me. "Can you' hired man keep 'em shooed?" he says.

Hired man! I took a jump his direction that come near splittin' my boots. "Back up, m' son," I says, reachin' to my britches' pocket; "*I* ain't no hired man."

Hart, he puts in quick. "No, no, Doc," he says, "this man's one of my cowboys. For Heaven's sake, Alec! You' gittin' to be as techy as a cook!"

Simpson, he apologized, an' I let her pass for that time. But, a-course, far 's him an' me was concerned—wal, jus' wait. As I say, he goes in—the ole man follerin', leavin' that gasoline rig snortin' an' sullin, an' lookin' as if it was jus' achin' to take a run at the bunk-house an' bust it wide open. I goes in, too—jus' t' see the fun.

There was that Simpson examinin' the baby, an' Rose standin' by, lookin' awful scairt. He had a rain-gauge in his han' an' was squintin' at it important. "High temper'-ture," he says; "'way up to hunderd an' four." Then he jabbed a spoon jigger in to her pore little mouth. Then he made X bran's acrosst her soft little back with his finger. Then he turned her plumb over an' begun to tunk her like she was a melon. An' when he'd knocked the win' outen her he *pro*duced a bicycle pump, stuck it agin her chest an' put his ear to the other en'. "Lungs alright," he says; "heart alright. Must be ——" Course *you* know—bugs!

"But—but, couldn't it be teeth?" ast Rose.

Simpson grinned like she was a' idjit an' he was sorry as the dickens for her. "Oh, a baby ain't all teeth," he says.

Wal, he lef' some truck or other. Then he goes out, gits into his Pullman section, blows his punkin whistle an' *de*parts.

Nex' day, same thing. Temper'ture's still up. Medicine can't be kep' down. Case turrible puzzlin'. Makes all kin's of guesses. Leaves some hoss liniament. Toot! toot!

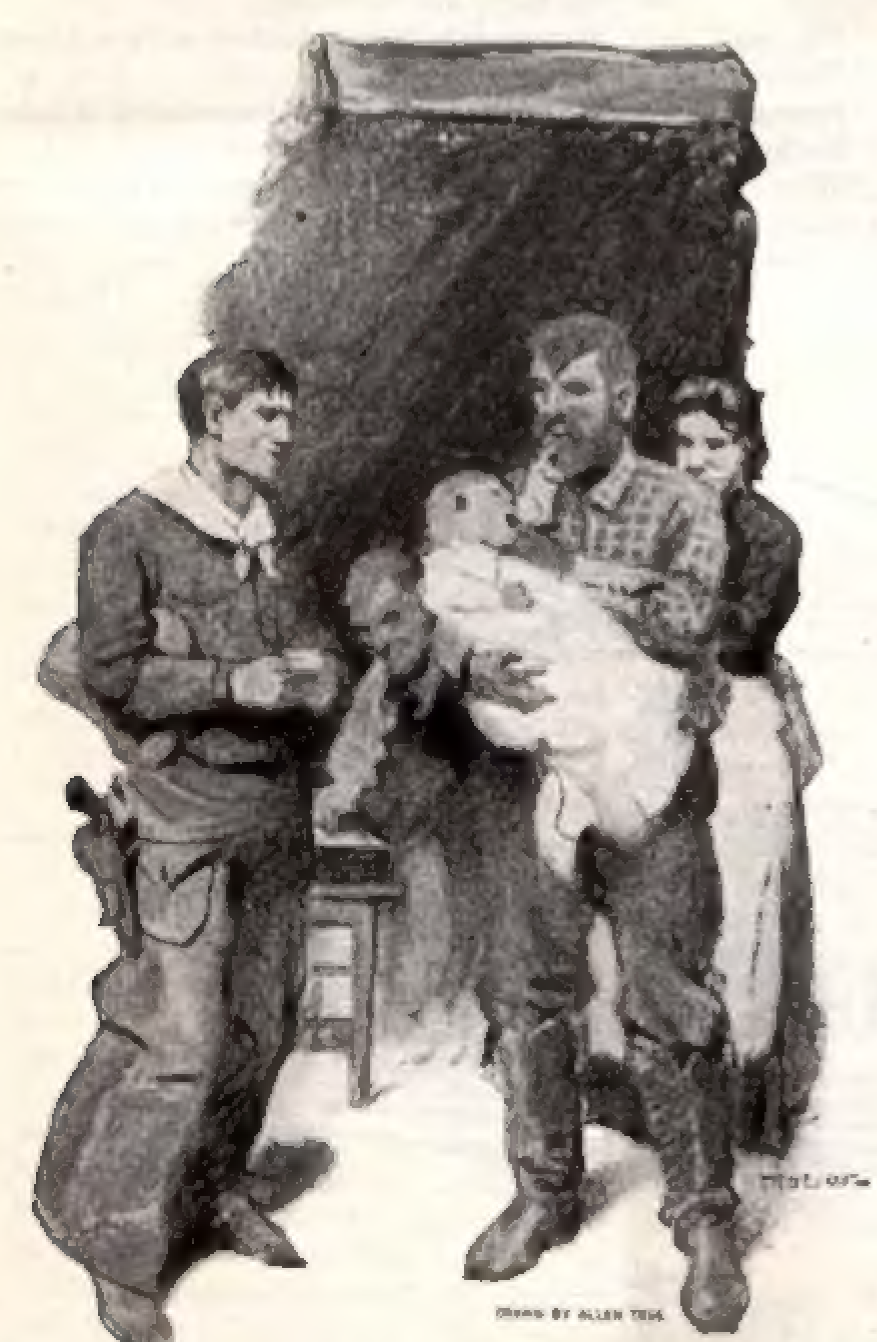
Day after, changes the pro*gram*. Sticks a needle in to the kid an' gits first blood. Says somethin' 'bout "modern scientific idears," an' tracks back t' town.

Things run 'long that-a-way for a week. Baby got sicker an' sicker. Rose got whiter an' whiter, an' thinned till she was 'bout as hefty as a shadda. Even the ole man begun t' look kinda pale 'roun' the gills. But Simpson didn't miss a trick. An' he come t' the ranch-house so darned many times that his buckboard plumb oiled down the pike.

"Rose," I says oncet to her, "can't we give Billy Trowbridge a show? This Simpson doc ain't worth a hill o' beans."

Rose didn't say nuthin'. She jus' turned an' lent over the kid. Gee whiz! I hate t' see a woman cry!

Nex' day the kid had a convulsion, an' we was shore she was goin' to kick the bucket. An' whilst we was hangin' 'roun' the porch, pritty near luney 'bout the pore little son-of-a-gun, Bill Rawson come—an' he had a story that plumb took the las' kink outen us. I hunts up the boss.



"Look at 'em!" He Yelped. "Four All to Oncet!"

"Mr. Hart," I says, by way of beginnin', "I'm afeered we're goin' to lose the baby. Simpson ain't doin' much, seems like. What y' say if I ride in for Doc Trowbridge?"

"Trowbridge!" he says, disgusted. "Simpson'll be here in a' hour."

"I reckon Simpson'll be late," I says. "Bill Rawson seen him goin' toward Goldstone jus' now in his thrashin'-machine with a feemale sittin' byside him. She was wearin' one of them fancy collar-box hats with a duck-wing hitched on to it, an' her hair was all mussy over her eyes—like a cow with a board on her horns, an' she had 'nough powder on her face t' make a biscuit."

The ole man begun t' chaw an' spit like a bob-cat. "I ain't astin' Bill's advice," he says. "When I want it I'll let him know. If Simpson's busy over t' Goldstone, we got to wait on him, that's all. But Trowbridge? Not *noways*!"

Wal, I seen then it was time some un mixed in. So I sit down near the corral an' worked my haid some. Course, I could go to town an' kick up a fuss when Simpson come by his office, or ——

I happens t' look toward the bunk-house. That pinto cow-pony of mine was standin' outside, lines on the groun', eyes peeled my way. An' *sech* a look as she was a-givin' me! —like she knowed w'at I was a-worryin' 'bout an' was *su*'prised I was so blame thick-haided. I jumped up an' run to her. "Maud," I says, "you got more savvy 'n any horse I know, bar none. *Danged if we don't do it!*"

First off, I sent word t' Billy that he was to show up at the Diamond O 'bout four o'clock. An' when three come, me an' Maud was on the Briggs City road where it goes acrosst that crick-bottom half-way to the Hart home-ranch. She was moseyin' 'long, savin' herself, an' I was sittin' sideways like a real lady so's I could keep a' eye toward town. Pritty soon, 'way back down the road, betwixt the barb-wire fences, I seen a cloud of dus' a-travelin' —a-travelin' so fas' they couldn't be no mistake. An' in 'bout a minnit the signs was complete—I heerd a toot.

I put my laig over then.

Here he come, that Simpson in his smelly Pullman, takin' the grade like greazed lightnin'. "Now, Maud!" I whispers to the bronc'. An', puttin' my spurs in to her, I begun t' whip-saw fr'm one fence t' the other.

He slowed up an' blowed his whistle.

I hoed her down harder'n ever. "You scarin' my hoss!" I yells back.

"Pull t' one side!" he answers. "I want to git by."

But Maud wouldn't pull. An' everywheres Simpson was she was jus' in front, actin' as if she was scairt plumb outen her seven senses. The worse she acted, a-course, the madder *I* got! Fin'lly, jus' as Mister Doc was managin' to pass, I got *turrible* mad, an', cussin' blue blazes, I took out my forty-five an' let her fly.

One of them hin' tires popped like the evenin' gun at Fort Wingate. Same minnit, that hide-boun' rig-a-ma-jig took a shy an' come near buttin' her fool nose agin a fence-post. But Simpson, he geeed her quick an' started on. I put a hole in the other hin' tire. She shied again—opp'site direction—snortin' like she was win'-broke. He hawed her back. Then he went a-kitin' on, leavin' me a-eatin' his dus'.

But I wasn't *done* with him—no, ma'am.

Right there the road makes a kinda horse-shoe turn—like this, y' see—to git 'roun' a fence corner. I'd cal'lated on that. I jus' give Maud a lick 'longside the haid, jumped her over the fence, quirted her a-flyin' acrosst that ben', took the other fence, an' landed 'bout a hunderd feet in front of him.

When he seen me through his goggles he come on full-steam. I set Maud a-runnin' the same direction—an' took up my little rope.

'Bout two shakes of a lamb's tail, an' it happened. He got nose an' nose with me. I throwed, ketchin' him low—'roun' his chest an' arms. Maud come short.

Say! talk 'bout you' flyin'-machines! Simpson let go his holt an' took to the air, sailin' up right easy for a spell, flappin' his wings all the time; then doublin' back somethin' amazin', an' fin'lly comin' down t' light.

An' that gasoline bronc' of hisn—minnit she got the bit she acted plumb loco. She shassayed sidewise for a rod, buckin' at ev'ry jump. Pritty soon they was a turn, but she didn't see it. She lef' the road an' run agin the fence, cuttin' the wires as clean in two as a pliers-man. Then, outen pure cussedness, seems like, she made toward a cottonwood, riz up on her hin' laigs, clumb it a ways, knocked her win' out, pitched oncet or twict, tumbled over on to her quarters an' begun t' kick up her heels.

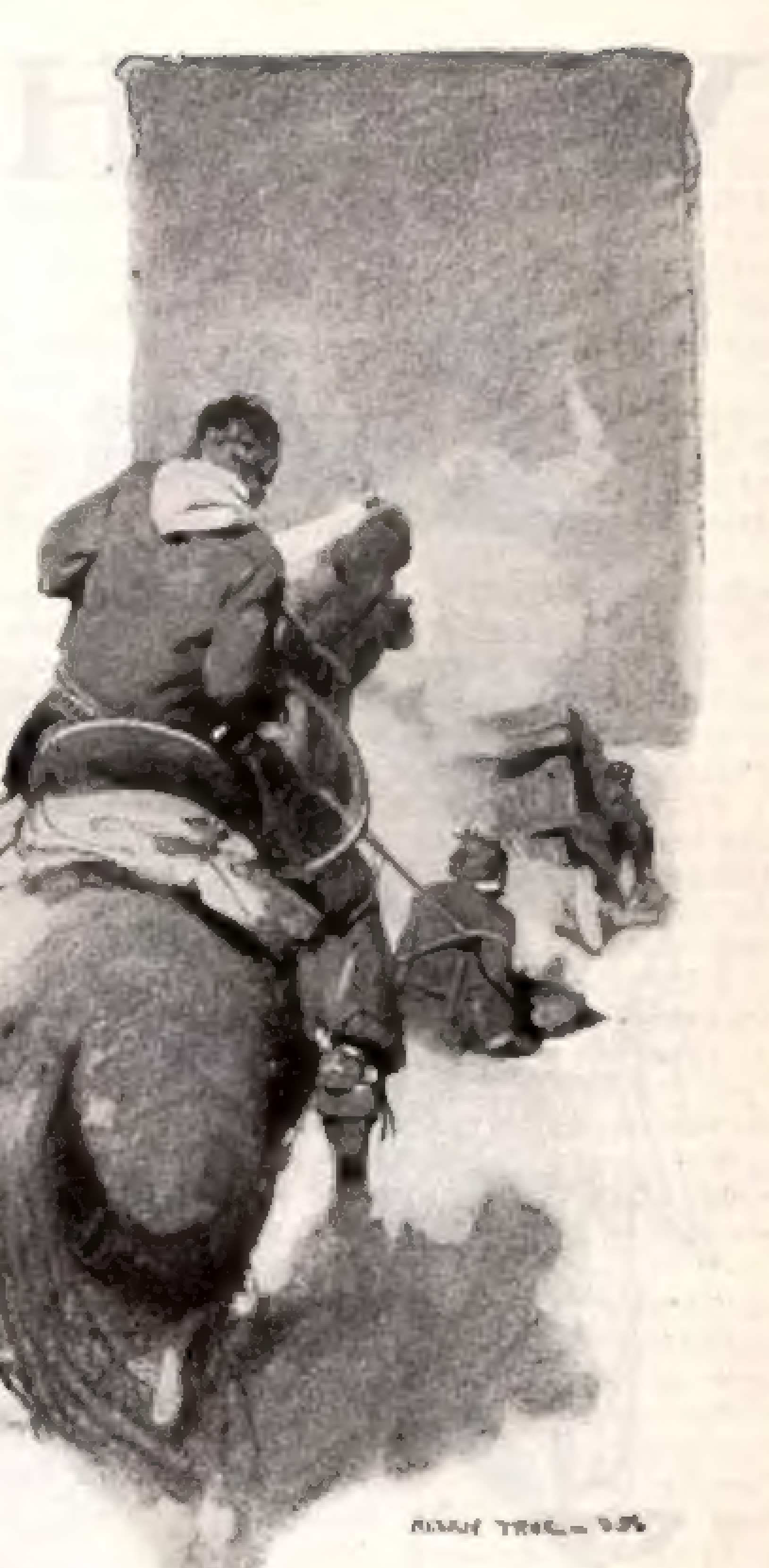
I looked at Simpson. He'd been a-sittin' on the groun'; but now he gits up, pullin' at my rope gentle, like a lazy sucker. Say! but his face was decorated!

I give him a nod. "Wal, Young-Man-That-Flies-Like-A-Bird?" I says, inquirin'.

He begun to paw up the road like a mad bull. "I'll make you pay for this!" he bellered.

"You can't git blood outen a turnip," I answers, sweet as sugar, an' Maud backed a step or two, so's to keep the rope taut.

"How dast you do such a' in*fame*ous thing!" he goes on.



An' Fin'lly Comin' Down t' Light

"You gasoline gents got t' have a lesson," I answers; "you let the stuff go t' you' head. W'y, a *hired man* ain't got a chanst for his life when you happen t' be travelin'."

He begun t' wiggle his arms. "You let me go," he says.

"Go where?" I ast.

"T' my machine."

I looked over to her. She was quiet now, but sweatin' oil somethin' awful. "How long'll it take you t' git her on to her laigs?" I ast.

"She's ruined!" he says, like he was goin' to bawl. "An' I meant t' go over to Goldstone t'-night."

"That duck-wing lady'll have t' wait for the train," I says. "But never min'. I'll tell Rose Andrews you got the *en*gagement." Then I slacked my rope an' rode up t' him, so's to let him loose. "S'long," I says.

"Oh, I ain't done with you!" he says, gittin' purple; "I ain't done with you!"

"Wal, you know where I live," I says, an' loped off, hummin' the toon the ole cow died on.

* * * * * *

When I rid up to the Hart ranch-house, there was Billy, gittin' offen that little bisicle of hisn.

"Alec!" he says, an' he was whiter'n chalk-rock. "Is the baby worse? An' Rose ——"

I pulled him up on to the porch. "Now's you' chanst, Billy," I answers. "Do you' darndest!"

Rose opened the door, an' her face was as white as hisn. "Oh, Billy!" was all she says.

Then up comes that ole fool pa of hern, totein' the kid. "W'at's this?" he ast, mad as a hornet. "An' where's Doctor Simpson?"

It was me that spoke. "Doctor Simpson's had a turrible accident," I answers. "His gasoline plug got to misbehavin' down the road a piece, an' plumb tore her insides out. He got awful shook up, an' couldn't come no further, so—knowin' the baby was so sick—I went for Bill."

"Bill!" says the ole man, disgusted.

But Billy had his tools out a'ready an' was reachin' for the kid. Hart let him have her—cussin' like a mule-skinner.

"*That's* right," he says to Rose; "*that's* right—let him massacree her!"

Rose didn't take no notice. "Oh, Billy!" she kep' sayin', an' "Oh, baby!"

Billy got to doin' things. He picked somethin' shiny outen his kit an' slipped it in a pocket. Nex', he lay the kid lookin' up an' put his finger to her mouth.

"See here," he says to me.

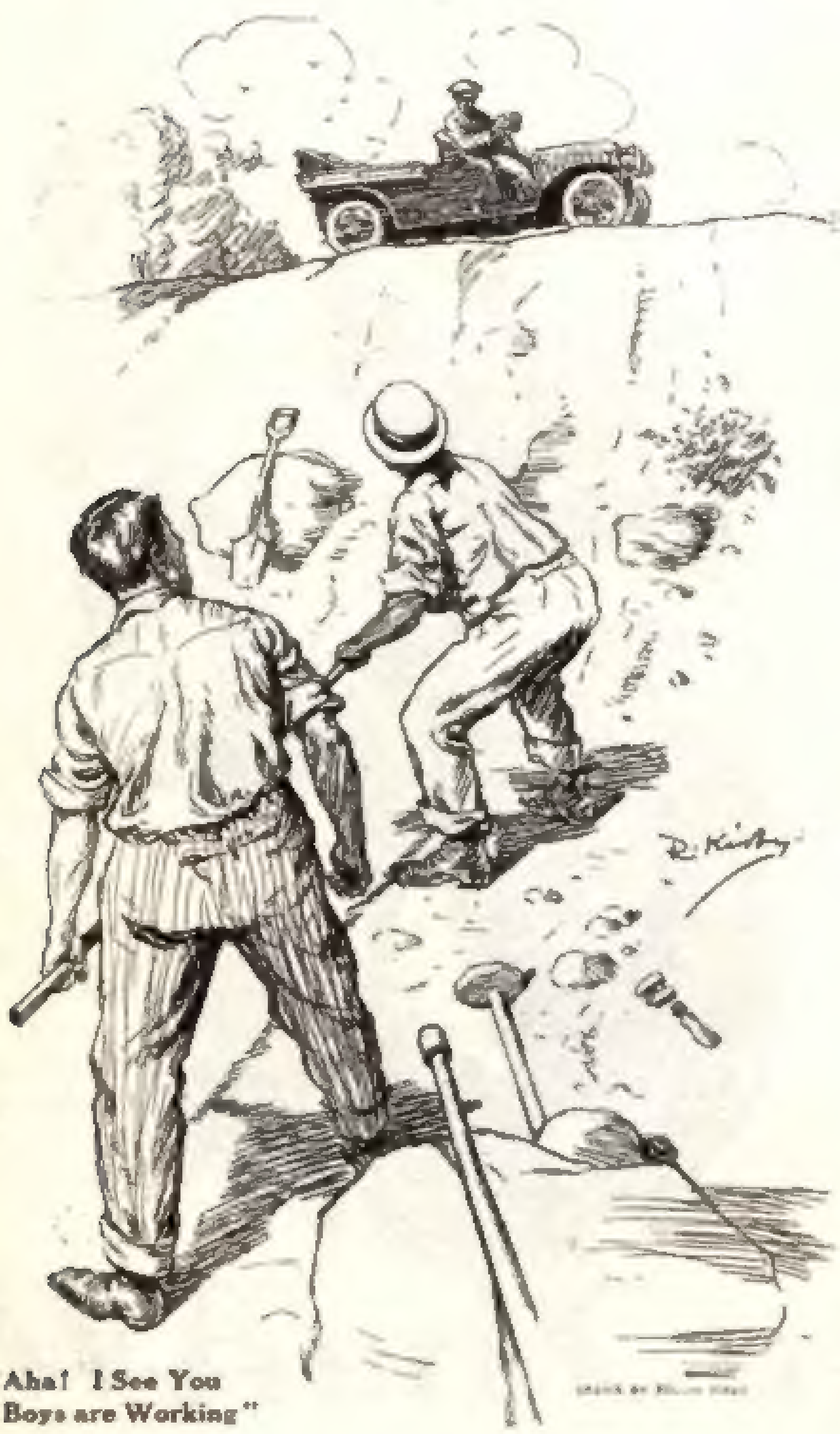
I peeked in where he p'inted an' seen a reg'lar little hog-back of gum, red on the two slopes, but whitish in four spots

(Concluded on Page 24)

WITH THE HANDS

The Test of an Auto and the Measure of a Man

BY ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE



"Aha! I See You Boys are Working"

THE Stanelands had joined late and had to plant the "Bungalow" pretty well up river. Consequently, instead of a stretch of bank that sloped gradually to the beach, the "Bungalow" looked out upon something like ninety feet of clayey and irregular declivity; and to get this into shape would call for much united engineering work and landscape gardening.

This, however, was precisely the kind of summer recreation demanded by the soul of Mr. Hargrave Staneland, the big and smiling son of the house. He had proceeded north with his sister Elsa and the servants, pending the arrival from England of the old people. He was now, therefore, an integral part of the Steel City Fishing Club. But this did not mean that his immediate intention was to fish. Outside the family circle Mr. Hargrave was best known as an unusually good amateur comedian. In his happy home his reputation was chiefly based upon his being, in the words of Jerry, the groom, "so 'andy with 'is 'ands." He could bind books and adjust steam-fittings, repair boats and mouse-traps and repeating shotguns.

But his great delight was in larger jobs. And now—when upon his arrival in the preserve he passed from the "Bungalow" to an inspection of the lot his parent had selected, and noted half-way down the slope of that unappreciated, treeless bank a large, free-flowing spring—all previous thoughts of giving his first endeavors to the erection of fox-grape pergolas and exedras of barky cedar went straightway out of him. Not that that spring was any Vaucluse or Fons Bandusium to Staneland—for of his nature he was unpoetical. But that goodly, down-gurgling runnel meant the most unparalleled of opportunities to set up a hydraulic ram.

For Staneland himself, any smoothly running mechanism was its own entire and sufficient reason for being. But to satisfy his sister Elsa he explained that as long as that spring should flow it could be made to pump enough water up the bluff for all the needs of the "Bungalow." The purely sylvan and purling features of the fount would, of course, be somewhat altered. But had it not always been Nature's obvious purpose, not to say desire, to be altered by the hand of man? Moreover, he could sink the receiving cistern level with the surface, gravel and moss it round, and that Parnassian gusher would be really much more beautiful than it had been in the beginning! He measured the bank for his piping, gauged the fall of water, and next day's outgoing mail conveyed a comprehensive order to the Williams & Aikenhead people of Montreal. The same afternoon he started Jean Baptiste and François Xavier hewing out young pines for a derrick-like timber-work in the rear of the "Bungalow."

So much for that part of it.

One evening a week later he came back from the clubhouse and sought out his sister. She was cutting magazines in the "mosquito proof" at the end of the veranda.

"Some one's else," he said, "have you any appurtenance by the name of Stickley?"

She put down her paper-knife. "G. Stuyvesant?"

"Well, I didn't ask him to produce his front name. But I guess that's the lad, all right. It *is* you, evidently. He arrived this afternoon—came up by the New Road in his 'bubble. So it's *you*, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know about it being I in any excessive sense. I introduced you one evening last winter."

"M-m—I really *have* met him before, then? What's the Johnny like? Like a peanut?"

"Why, I can't say that he has any highly distinguishing or notorious characteristics. And I've hardly digested his coming up here yet. To be sure, he warned me he might. And wherefore, pray, do you thus afflict yourself about him?"

"Well, the truth is he gave me the warm, affectionate hand upon what seemed to me insufficient grounds. I'm very particular about the way I'm to be loved, you know. And me for a Timon of Athens if I think anybody is loving me too much. But again; is Stickley the real thing?"

"Goodness me, how do *I* know? I suppose he's pretty much like every other man, except you, and dad, and a few I've read about in romances. Is there any test?"

"There are—several. Only *you* couldn't work them."

"Hm!—*Hm!* That's rather interesting. I'd like to hear a little more on the subject."

"Not till I've been through the pantry. Shall I ask him out?"

"Oh, I think I'd let him try to find the way himself. And you needn't be unduly worried, you know. I haven't the clothes with me for an elopement. And if I had I shouldn't be quite sure whether it'd be G. Stuyvesant or one of eleven or twelve others I'd like for my chauffeur. But I want to hear more about those tests."

This request brother Hargrave for the second time ignored, he being already hot on the scent of some fresh blueberry turnovers. And let it be set down to his credit as a tactician, too, that he might have told sister Elsa, and did not, that there was a flavor about Stickley's smoking-room conversation which he had not greatly enjoyed. He was content for the present with filing that for future reference.

He saw a good deal of G. Stuyvesant the day following. And he had the expectation of seeing still more of him in the weeks which were to come. But if he could not show any enthusiasm at the prospect, he at least appeared to accept it with his customary tranquillity. He was a large, fair, young man, inclining to stoutness, and from his youth up he had possessed the fat man's philosophic mind.

That night Elsa again approached him on the subject of "man tests." But he had another, and a much more important, matter to think about. He had just learned that the incoming supply-boat had on board his consignment from Williams & Aikenhead. And later in the evening the club lighter-men poled it up river and unloaded it at the foot of the Staneland "six hundred." Brother Hargrave climbed down to the beach, and for an hour reveled in lengths of "three-quarter-inch" and "inch-and-a-half," in "T" pieces and brass valving, in a noble pair of clean pine puncheons, and finally in a "ram" that looked like an iron-headed devil-fish with the tentacles cropped off short.

When he came up again, for the eleventh time he expatiated to the little sister upon the whole beauty of the thing. The water from the spring, when dropped steeply down through the larger piping for, say, fifty feet, could be made by means of the valve of the instrument to lift, or "ram," a part of its volume up through the smaller piping seventy-five or a hundred feet higher than the source of the supply itself. The smaller puncheon, set in immediately below the spring, would allow of an even flow down to the ram. The big tank, when placed on the derrick behind the cottage, would receive the upmounting water from the slenderer pipe-line; and from that tank the service could be extended indefinitely! "Once get your balance established, and your valve pumping, and there you are with your own private system of perpetual motion! So don't talk to me of any man tests of the common, garden variety. To-morrow Jimmy Hughes and I are going to do a job that will be simply the knock-out of the plumbers' union!"

Jimmy Hughes was Staneland's next-door neighbor in the paternal offices, and his Patroclus in all things. He was a quiet young fellow, athletic of person and competent, if not adventurous, in ideas. He generally wanted to do the thing that Staneland wanted to do. He lived at the "Bungalow" almost as much as at the club. Considering the nature of his chumship with "Har," Elsa Staneland had come to look upon him as a kind of stepbrother. But there was nothing *more* than that in it, either way.

II

ABOUT half-past two next day Stickley's auto rippled with ponderous ease up the extension of the New Road which led through the pines to the Stanelands'. He was an exceedingly good dresser. The absence of dust in the woods had allowed him to leave all goggle monstrosities behind. And, frankly, no young French nobleman could have looked better behind that nickeled steering-post.

As he rolled out into the clearing a succession of "tankety tunkings" began to meet his ears, and then a "Yip—yip—*yaw!*" He believed at first that some brother's machine must be in the hands of the repair men. But the sounds were coming from down the bank. He steered smoothly over to the edge. Hargrave Staneland and his friend Hughes, both looking like foundrymen on a muddy day, were doing something with a long section of iron tubing.

Whether or not other men were always at their ease with G. Stuyvesant, G. Stuyvesant was always entirely at ease with other men. "Aha!" he now saluted the twain with effusion. "I see you boys are working."

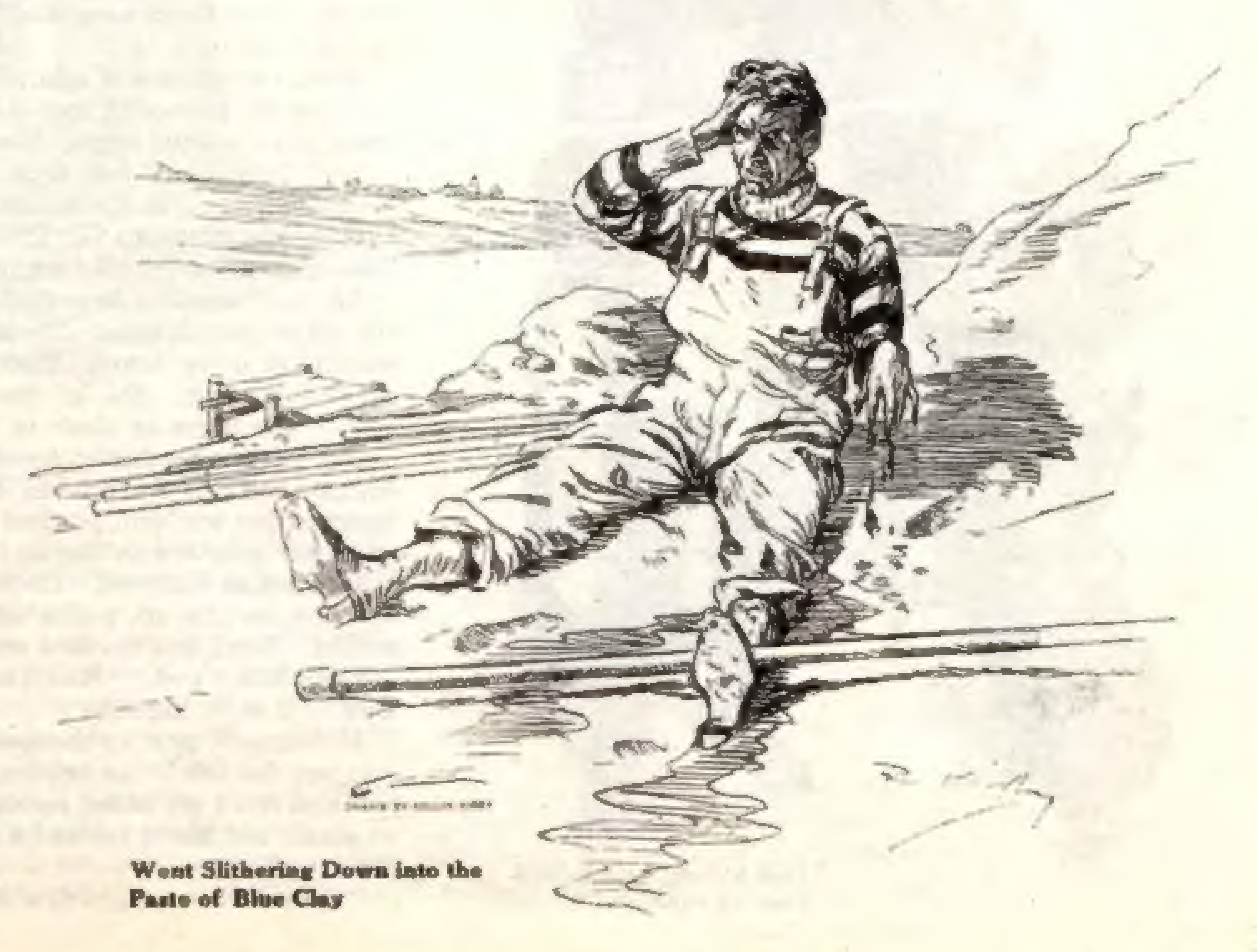
"Oh, no," said Staneland; "just laying a few pipes."

"Made a pretty good contract?"

"I guess maybe it'll be worth while," responded Hughes.

"Perhaps *I* could be of some use to you?"

"Why, my dear fellow"—brother Hargrave straightened up on the word and beamed like the morning sun—"we'd regard you as a godsend!"



Went Slithering Down into the Paste of Blue Clay

At that Stickley fingered his tiller-wheel somewhat disconcertedly and began to back up. "I—I have the 'mobe with me to-day, you know." He looked hopefully toward the house.

"Exactly the thing we're needing in our business! We thought we'd have to send down to Point aux Pins for a block and tackle."

Stickley descended from the car. He had, with forethoughtfulness, left his chauffeur behind at the club. He now wished intensely that he had brought him.

"Have you any old duds in the back of your gas-buggy?" inquired Jimmy Hughes.

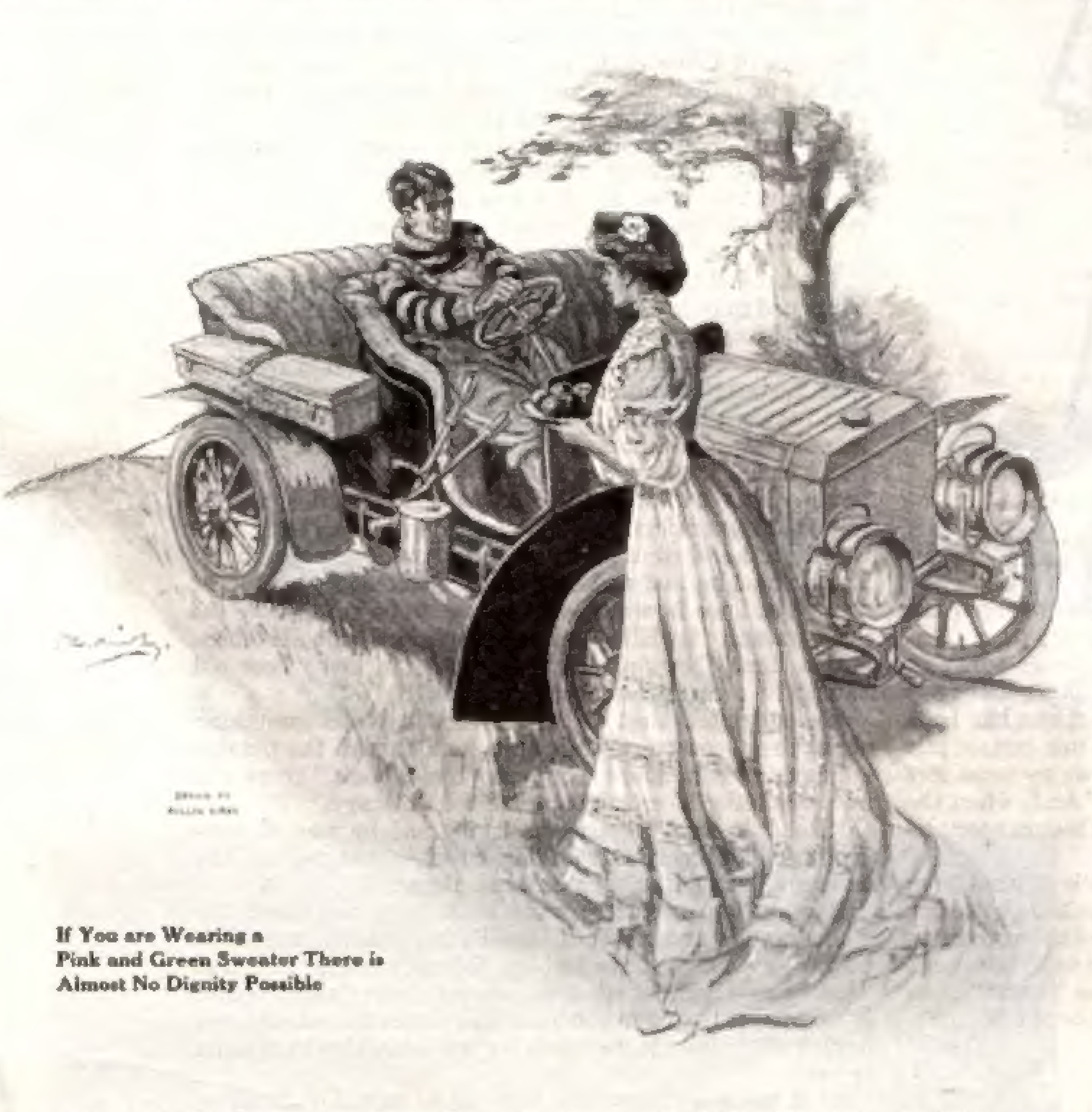
"Why, no"—he began to take hope again—"I can't say that I have."

"Oh, that's all right," said Staneland. "Come around to the stag shack—the private ranch where Jimmy and I houseat night, you know—and we'll fit you out in no time!"

In the "stag shack," with a generosity that would take no refusals, they forced upon him a pair of knee-high "penetangs," a green and pink sweater (Wally Johnston had brought it up and had wanted to waste its decorative value shamefully by wearing it upon ordinary occasions), and the only pair of overalls which, like the sweater, had never known an occupant. "I provided them for the old man," explained the host. "Observe the fine fullness of bosom and the shoulder-straps. They'll make you feel as chesty as a plasterer's apprentice!"

Stickley did not want to feel like a plasterer's apprentice; and he at least maintained the principle of his gentility by clinging to his collar and necktie. Yet none the less he could not ignore the fact that he was really being accepted upon a basis of comrade-like intimacy. The big brother was now vastly more cordial than he had been the night before. And though G. Stuyvesant was the only son of his mother and had no sisters, his natural instinct for the fraternal-sororal relationship told him that it is possible to make much more rapid progress under the convoy of a big brother's regard than in even the front seat of a Poissarde-Lagadère.

Elsa Staneland smiled him confirmation of that from the side veranda. "So you're going to help, too, to-day, Mr. Stickley? Why, I think that's awfully nice of you!" He was able to see, moreover, that she thought it was also very nice of her brother to *let* him help. And G. Stuyvesant's natural buoyancy once more began to swell in him.



If You are Wearing a Pink and Green Sweater There is Almost No Dignity Possible

Brother Hargrave, however, did not allow himself to be detained by any sisterly radiations. "We'll probably not need the bubble for another hour," he said. "We've first got to chaw out a place under the spring for the little puncheon."

There is one thing which all poets have neglected to mention in the matter of springs, whether of Olympus, Pieria, Soracte or North America, and that is this: they may burst forth "more glitteringly than crystal," but, unless they flow from hills of solid adamant, the ground below them will invariably be found to be the ooziest kind of bog. And it was in such a bog that Staneland and his fellow-engineers now had the major part of their work to do.

Another thing, and this time an observation which Stickley was not long in making to his private bosom: no doubt brother Hargrave did not know how it sounded, but he had a loud, strident manner of bossing things which, to many, would be offensive. When he put a long-handled shovel into the hands of his guest, and indicated where he was to dig, Stickley, with all pleasantness, remarked that he had never done anything like that before.

"Ho, ho!" Staneland boomed in a cacophonous thorough-bass. "Been bred a pet, eh? Then you'll now get a chance to remedy your ill-conducted youth!"

The newcomer attempted to use his trenching implement from some fairly solid ground. "Muck in, old man, muck in!" cried the big brother and smote him jovially between the shoulders. "That's the beauty of the old clo'. They give you a chance to get right back to Nature! You'll feel like that Anteus guy after you've been working with us for a week or two!" A few moments later he was inquiring of both his lieutenants what they thought he'd hired them for and how much they'd take to call it off and go to work for some one else.

Stickley looked covertly at Hughes: he wanted to know just how *he* felt about it. The man had apparently so little spirit that he seemed to be taking it as a matter of course. If anything, he enjoyed it!

In the mean time Staneland was cleaving his way into the bank with the pick-axe, while Hughes and G. Stuyvesant cleared away after him with the shovels. Presently they got the flow diverted to one side, which was something. They worked off the upper layer of green slime and loam and came to a wet, yellow clay. And here they began to find big chunks of shale.

One of them was particularly hard to get a leverage on. Stickley could find no purchase for his feet at all.

"Brace your heels against the bank," enjoined Staneland cheerfully.

"But," he protested, "I'll have to sit right down in the beastly mess if I do!"

"Sure! Look at Jimmy. And don't you think twice about roughing it! All together, now—yip—yip—*yow-w!*—Not budging her? Again: Yip, yip-p—Nothing doing yet? Gee, but you two are flabby ones!" He got them back at it a third time, and a third time it was without avail. "Oh, *rats!* I'm going to get Italians in on this job!"

When at last they had got a seven-foot gouge "chawed out" to Staneland's satisfaction, Stickley and Jimmy Hughes were paired off together in pursuit of "hardheads"—with which, indeed, the entire slope was warty. And then Hughes, for his part, was not long in evincing traits which were almost more offensive than those of Staneland himself. If there was a particularly big stone he always managed to work it off upon his fellow. When four hands were needed, he contrived to get the lower grip—unless that under side happened to be the jagged one. And all the while he kept facetiously calling Stickley's attention to his smartness, as if it were something exceedingly funny!

As G. Stuyvesant had often heard his mother observe regarding him, he was not one of the kind who easily loses his temper. But it was just as well that, after a few minutes more of that, Elsa Staneland came breezily out to the edge of the bank and announced that she had prepared them some light refreshments.

Stickley was much the cleanest of the three, but he was the only one to apologize for his appearance.

"You ought to glory in it," said brother Hargrave characteristically, as he poured out the home-made root beer.

He received no answer.

Miss Elsa turned and looked at him suspiciously.

"*You* glory in it, don't you, Jimuel?" he continued.

"I'm glorying in these salad sandwiches," responded Hughes.

He gloried in them to the extent of six or seven, in which, for that matter, he was only following suit to his dictator. In his turn, too, Stickley was finally induced to eat, and the gustatory process has always been a great softener. Moreover, within another five minutes Staneland was compelling him to accept a cigar. It was a very good cigar, and the first puffs mellowed him still more. After all, Staneland *was* her brother, and, despite his vulgar brutality of manner, his intentions might, of course, be good enough. Stickley looked at Miss Elsa, and again, with hope renewed, he looked toward the clump of sassafras under whose shade stood his ruddily gleaming auto.

Staneland had followed his eyes. "Yes," he said; "I was just thinking in that direction myself. I guess your choo-choo's about due for *its* little stunt." He got to his feet.

"We can give our line a turn 'round that dingassy you tow with," seconded Hughes. "The level stretch over there between the two big pines is exactly what you want for a haul-way course."

"That's right," brother Hargrave took it up again. "All you'll have to do will be to sit still and give her the gasoline, and we'll have those puncheons placed in half of no time! We can finish our cheroots while we're getting busy."

Apart from old railroad men and vaudeville specialists, those who can manœuvre a cigar with the lips and teeth alone are few. And Stickley was not among those few. His machine called for both his hands and all his fingers. After about three and a half minutes of deserving perseverance he made a sudden and peculiar face, and spat that mangled "smoke" into the oil-stained grass.

Already, too, Staneland had again assumed the loud and hortatorial: "Let her out now! Let her out! Push the power into it! *Wow!* Easy! Easy all, or you'll cave in the whole blame' rain-barrel! Oh, suffering *Eli*—and we all but had her then! Are you on high gear, or what?"

Undoubtedly Staneland also was permitting himself to be wrought up; but it might have been said that he was becoming wrought up with complete good nature.

After a pause in which he and Jimmy were probably readjusting their sixteen-foot skids, he began again: "Once more, now! Not too fast and not too slow! Keep her on the soft pedal! All ready! All ready, up there! All read—— Hi! Hello, Central! Come-*art*-of-it! Can't you hear us?"

The first and only moments of real pleasure which G. Stuyvesant had been able to get from that afternoon had been in *not* hearing him. And in the fanning-mill whirr and drone of his engines he had excuse enough.

"Go ahead a little! Let her go ahead a little!" Stickley began to back up. There was another roar—this time a double one—and it could not, without spoiling the illusion, be disregarded. Accordingly, the machine was brought to a halt.

For a time a panting silence intervened, and then Staneland climbed heavily up to the level.

"Stickley, old chap," he said, "you may be a willing spirit, but you're getting only about one call in ten. And it's occurred to me that we could run it a lot smoother if we had your horn to signal with. How is she glued on, anyway?"

He went to the side and made an examination. The thing was constructed as if planned for his requirements. The spiral brass tubing between the bulb and the bugle-end measured about forty inches—just enough, as he pointed out, to hitch through his belt and go around him comfortably. It was only a matter of removing three or four small screws; and he forthwith produced the tool with which to do it.

"Really," said G. Stuyvesant, lifting his upper lip, "I don't quite see how you can do your talking through a horn, though. It isn't a megaphone, you know!"

"Don't you worry about that," Staneland reassured him; "it can give the regular hoisting signals, one to stop, two to go ahead, and three to back, with a little necessary fortissimo-pianissimo business for fast and slow. And I'll guarantee to get in at least some of the extras by word of mouth."

He dropped down the bluff again. In a few moments there came up a clarion "honk honk!"—an expectant pause, and then a repeat, decidedly fortissimo, which would not be denied. Sucking in his breath, Stickley gave her the power.

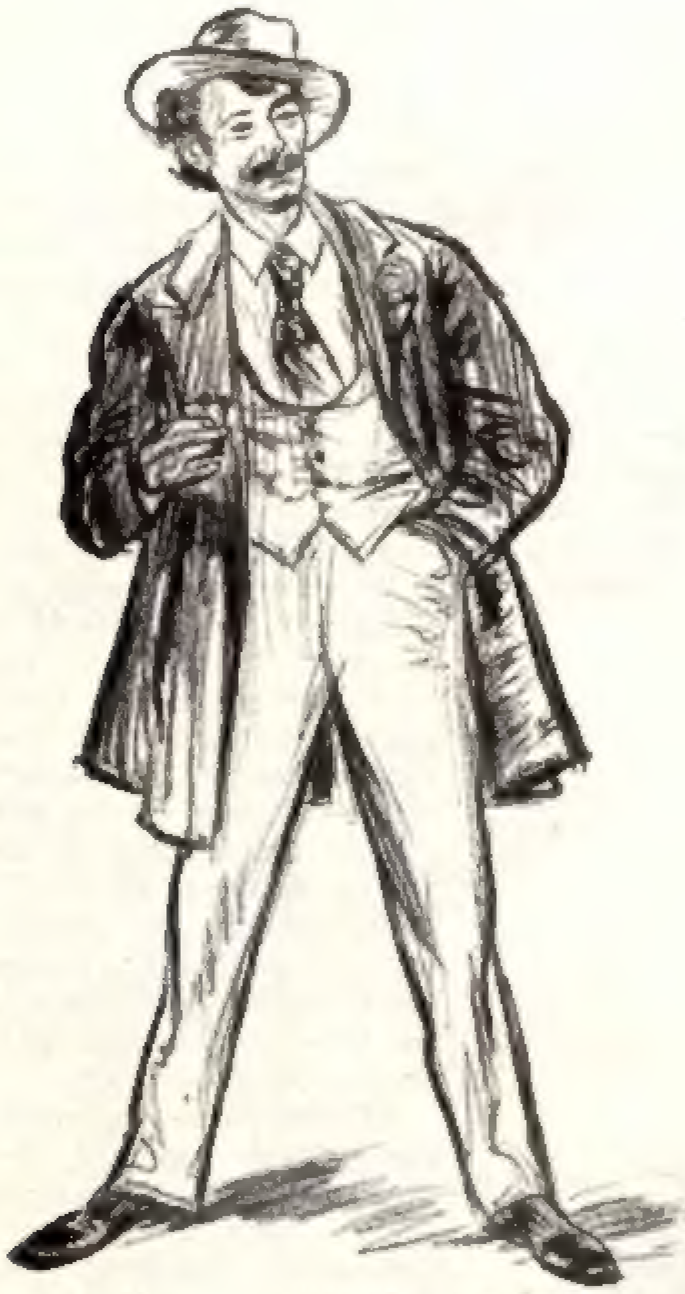
One of the most peculiar things in the whole automobiling business is the acoustics of the horn. When you are seated behind it, it has all the joyous ta-ra-ra and tally-ho of the hunting-field on a frosty morning. Why, then, when the instrument is directed *at* you, should it have the very voice and accent of jeering domination and hateful arrogance? G. Stuyvesant was still in his car, but if Gabriel himself had been pumping that rubber pear, the one response he would have yearned to make to it would have

(Continued on Page 21)

"AND YET A FOOL"

The Story of a Good Fellow

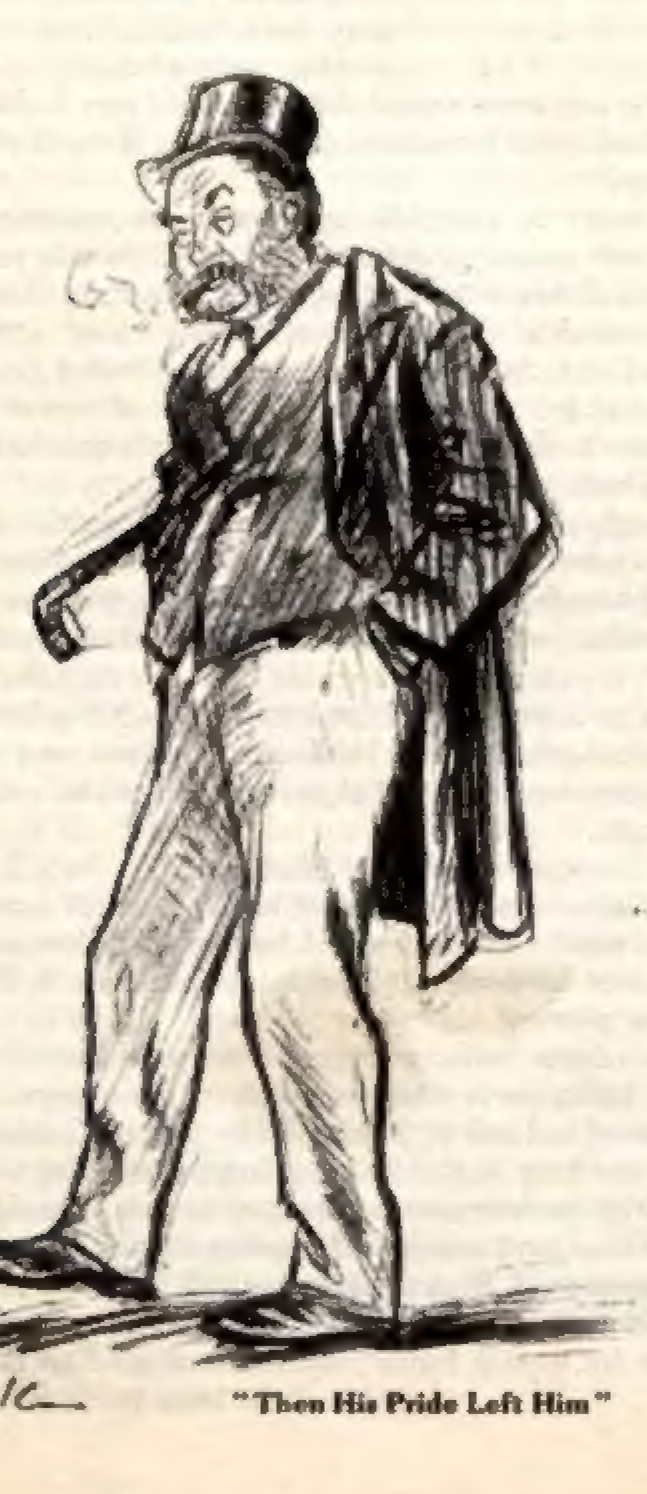
BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE



"He Made a Lot of Money and Blew it in"

THE exchanges that come to a country newspaper like ours become familiar friends as the years pass. One who reads these papers regularly comes to know them even in their wrappers, though to an unpracticed eye the wrappers seem much alike. But when one has been poking his thumb through the paper husks in a certain pile every morning for a score of years, he knows by some sort of prescience when a new paper appears. And, when the pile looks odd to him, he goes hunting for the stranger and is not happy until he has found it.

One morning this spring the stranger stuck its head from the bottom of the exchange pile, and when we had glanced at the handwriting of the address and at the one-cent stamp on the cover we knew it had been mailed to us by some one besides the publisher. For the newspaper "hand" is as definite a form of writing as the legal hand or the doctor's. The paper proved to be an Arizona newspaper full of saloon advertising, restaurant cards, church and school meeting notices, local items about the sawmill and the woman's club, land notices and paid items from wool dealers. On the local page in the midst of a circle of red ink was the announcement of the death of Horace P. Sampson. We get notices like this every month of the deaths of old settlers who have gone to the ends of the earth, but this notice was peculiar in this—that it said:



"Then His Pride Left Him"

"One year ago our lamented townsman deposited with the firm of Cross & Kurtz, the popular undertakers and dealers in Indian goods and general merchandise, $100 to cover his funeral expenses and another hundred to provide that a huge boulder be rolled over his grave on which he desired the following unusual inscription: '*Horace P. Sampson, Born Dec. 6, 1840, and died ——. "And is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at anything, and yet a fool."* ' "

We handed the paper to "Alphabetical" Morrison, who happened to be in the office at the time, pawing through the discarded exchanges in the waste-basket, looking for his New York Sun, and, after Colonel Morrison had read the item, he began drumming with his fingernails on the chair-seat between his knees. His eyes were full of dreams and no one disturbed him as he looked off into space. Finally he sighed: "And yet a fool—a motley fool! Poor old Samp—kept it up to the end! I take it from the guarded way the paper refers to his faults, 'as who of us have not,' that he either died of the tremens or something like that." The Colonel paused and smiled just perceptibly, and went on: "Yet I see he was a good fellow to the end. I see the Shriners and the Elks and the Eagles and the Hoo-hoos buried him. Nary an insurance order in his! Poor old Samp; he certainly went all the gaits!"

We suggested that Colonel Morrison write something about the deceased for the paper, but, though the Colonel admitted that he knew Sampson "like a book," there was no persuading Morrison to write the obituary.

"But," he said, after some urging and by way of compromise, "I'm perfectly willing to give you fellows the facts and let you fix up what you please."

Because the reporters were both busy we called the stenographer, and had the Colonel's story taken down as he told it—to be rewritten into an obituary later. And it is what he said and not what we printed about Sampson that is worth putting down here. The Colonel took the big leather chair and got his hands locked behind his head as he began:

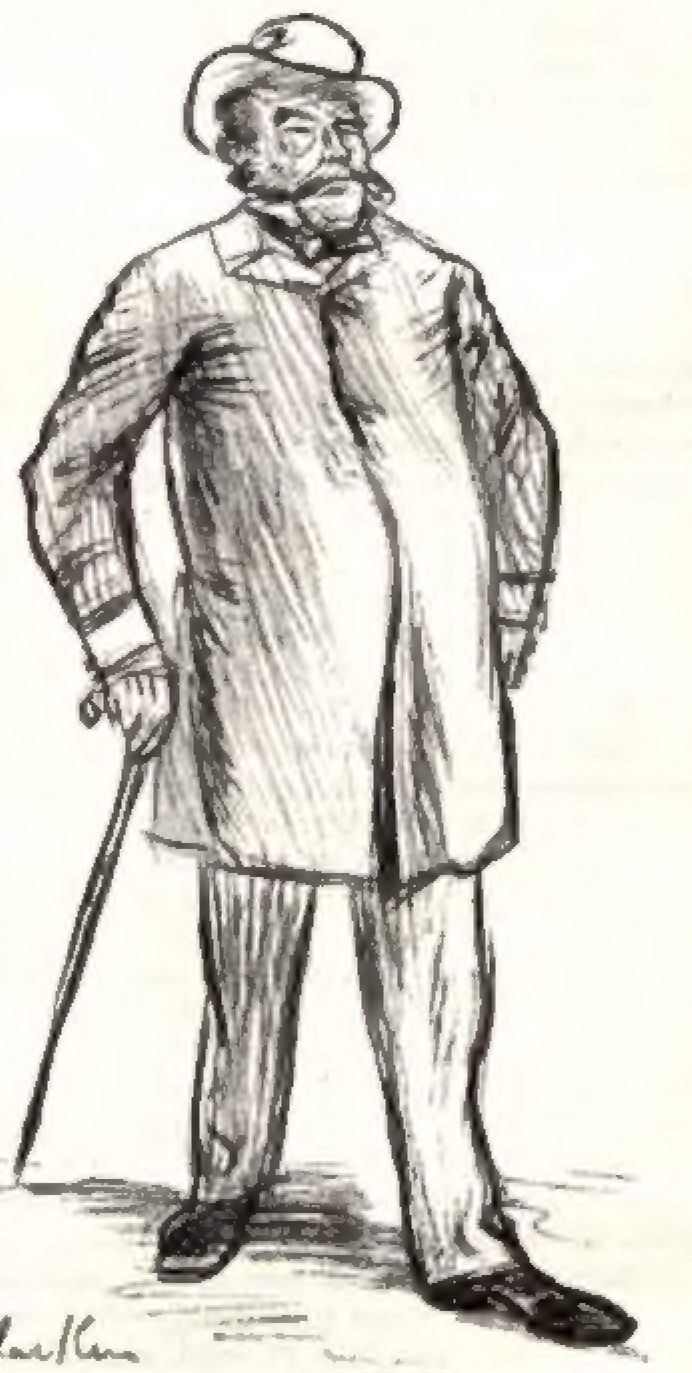
"Let me see. Samp was born, as he says, December 6, 1840, in Wisconsin, and came out to Kansas right after the war closed. He was in a college up there, and at the second call for troops he led the whole senior class into forming a company, and enlisted before graduation and fought from that time on till the close of the war. He was a captain, I think—but you never heard him called that. When he came here he'd been admitted to the bar and was a good lawyer—a mighty good lawyer for that time—and had more business'n a bird pup with a gum-shoe. He was just a boy then, and, like all boys, he enjoyed a good time. He drank more or less in the army—they all did 's far as that goes—but he kept it up in a desultory way after he came here, as a sort of accessory to his main business of life, which was being a good fellow.

"And he was a good fellow—an awful good fellow. We were all young then; there wasn't an old man on the townsite, as I remember it. We use to load up the whole bunch and go hunting—closing up the stores and taking the girls along—and not show up till midnight. And Samp would always have a little something to take under his buggy-seat, and we would wet up and sing coming home, with the beds of the spring-wagons so full of prairie chickens and quail that they jolted out at every rut. Samp would always lead the singing—being just a mite more lubricated then the rest of us, and the girls thought he was all hunky-dory—as they used to say.

"He made a lot of money and blew it in at Jim Thomas' saloon, buying drinks and playing stud poker and betting on quarter horses, and lending it out to fellows who helped him forget they'd borrowed it. And—say, in two or three years, after the chicken-hunting set had married off, and begun in a way to settle down—Samp took up with the other set coming on; he'd married—and got the prettiest girl in town—we always thought that he married only because he wanted to be a good fellow and did not wish to be impolite to the girl he'd paired off with in the first crowd. But still he didn't stay home nights, and once or twice a year—say, election or Fourth of July—he and a lot of other young fellows would go out and tip over all the board sidewalks in town, and paint funny signs on the store buildings and stack beer bottles on the preacher's front porch, and raise Ned generally. And the fellows of his age, who owned the stores and were in nights, would say to Samp when they saw him coming down about noon the next day:

"'Go it when you're young, Samp, for when you're old you can't.' And he would wink at 'em, give 'em ten dollars apiece for their damages and jolly his way down the street to his office.

"Now, you mustn't get the idea that Samp was the town drunkard, for he never was. He was just a good fellow. When the second set of young fellows outgrew him and settled down he picked up with the third, and his wife's brown alapaca began to be noticed more or less among the women. But Samp's practice didn't seem to fall off—it only changed. He didn't have so much real-estate lawing and got more criminal practice. Gradually he became a criminal lawyer, and his fame for wit and eloquence extended all over the State. When a cow-puncher got in trouble his folks in the East always gave Samp a big fee to get the boy out, and he did it. When he went to any other county-seat besides ours to try a case, the fellows—and you know who the fellows are in a town—the fellows knew that while Samp was in town there would be something going on with 'fireworks in the evening.' For he was a great fellow for a good time, and the dining-room girls at the hotel used to giggle in the kitchen for a week after he was gone at the awful things he would say to 'em. He knew more girls by their first names than a drummer."



"Once He Kept White Shirts, Cuffs and Collars on For Nearly a Year"

Colonel Morrison crossed his fat legs at the ankles as he continued, after lighting the cigar we gave him:

"Well, along in the late seventies we fellows that he started out with got to owning our own homes and getting on in the world. That was the time when Samp should have been grubbing at his law books, but nary a grub for him. He was playing horse for dear life. And right there the fellows all left him behind. Some were buying real estate for speculation; some running for office; some starting a bank, and others lending money at two per cent. a month and leading in the prayer-meeting. So Samp kind of hitched up his ambition and took the slack out of his habits for a few months and went to the legislature. They say that he certainly did have a good time, though, when he got there. They remember that session yet up there—and call it the year of the great flood, for the nights they was filled with music, as the poet says, and from the best accounts we could get the days was devoid of ease also, and how Mrs. Sampson stood it the women never could find out—for, of course, she must have known all about it—though he wouldn't let her come near Topeka.

"He began to get pursy and red-faced, and he was clicking it off with his fifth set of young fellows. It took a big slug of whisky to set off his oratory, but when he got it wound up he surely could pull the feathers out of the bird of freedom to beat scandalous. But as a stump speaker you weren't always sure he'd fill the engagement. He could make a jury blubber and clench its fists at the prosecuting attorney, and he didn't claim to know much law, and he turned over all the work in the Supreme Court to his partner, Charley Hedrick. Then, when Charley was practicing before the Supreme Court and wasn't here to hold him down, Samp would get out and whoop it up, and quote Shakespeare and make stump speeches on dry-goods boxes at midnight, and put his arms around old Marshal Furgeson's neck and tell him he was the blooming flower of chivalry. Also women made a fool of him—more or less.

"Where was I?" asked Colonel Morrison of the stenographer when she had finished sharpening her pencil. "Oh, yes, along in the eighties. And then came the boom, and Samp tried to get in it and make some money. He seems to have tried to catch up with us fellows of his age, and he began to plunge. He got in debt, and when the boom broke he was still living in a rented house with the rent ten months behind, his partnership gone and his practice cut down to joint-keepers and gamblers, and the farmers who hadn't heard the stories of his financial irregularities that were floating around town.

Yet his wife stuck to him, forever explaining to my wife that he would be all right when he settled down. But he continued to soak up a little—not much, but a little. He never was drunk in the daytime, but I remember there used to be mornings when his office smelled pretty sour. I had an office next to his a while and he used to come in and talk to me a good deal. The young fellows around town whom he would like to run with were beginning to find him stupid, and the old fellows—except me—were busy and he had no one to loaf with. He decided, I remember, several times to brace up, and once he kept white shirts, cuffs and collars on for nearly a year. But when Harrison was elected he filled up from his shoes to his hat and didn't go home for three days. One day after that, when he had gone back to his flannel shirts and dirty collars, he was sitting in my office looking at the fire in the big box-stove when he broke out with:

"'Alphabetical—what's the matter with me, anyway? This town sends men to Congress; it makes Supreme Court judges of others. It sends fellows to Kansas City as rich bankers. It makes big merchants out of grocery clerks. Fortune just naturally flirts with every one in town—but never a wink do I get. I know and you know I'm smarter than those jays. I can teach your Congressman economics, and your Supreme judge law; and I can think up more schemes than the banker, and can beat the merchant in any kind of a game he'll name. I don't lie and I don't steal and I ain't stuck up. What's the matter with me, anyway?'

"And of course," mused Colonel Morrison as he relighted the butt of his cigar—"of course I had to lie to him and say I didn't know. But I did. We all knew. He was too much of a good fellow. But his failure to get on bothered him a good deal, and one day he got roaring full and went up and down town telling people how smart he was. Then his pride left him, and he let his whiskers grow frowsy and used his vest for a spittoon, and his eyes watered too easily for a man still in his forties.

"He went West a dozen years ago, about the time of Cleveland's second election, expecting to get a job in Arizona and grow up with the country, and his wife was mighty happy, and she told our folks and the rest of the women that when Horace got away from his old associates in this town she knew he would be all right. Poor Myrtle Kenwick, the prettiest girl you ever saw along in the sixties—and she was through here not long ago and stayed with my wife and the girls—a broken old woman, going back to her kinfolks in Iowa after she left him. Poor Myrtle! I wonder where she is. I see this Arizona paper doesn't say anything about her." Colonel Morrison read over the item again, and smiled as he proceeded:

"But it does say that he occupied many places of honor and trust in his former home in Kansas; which seems to indicate that whisky made old Samp a liar as well as a loafer at last. My, my!" sighed the Colonel as he rose and put the paper on the desk. "My, my! What a treacherous serpent it is! It gave him a good time—literally a hell of a good time. And he was a good fellow—literally a damned good fellow—'damned from here to eternity,' as your man Kipling says. God gave him every talent. He might have been a respected, useful citizen; no honor was beyond him; but he put aside fame and worth and happiness to play with whisky. My Lord, just think of it!" exclaimed the Colonel as he reached for his hat and put up his glasses. "And this is how whisky served him: brought him to shame, wrecked his home, made his name a by-word, and lured him on and on to utter ruin by holding before him the phantom of a good time. What a pitiful, heart-breaking mocker it is!" He sighed a long sigh as he stood in the door looking up at the sky with his hands clasped behind him, and said half-audibly as he went down the steps: "And whoso is deceived thereby is not wise—not wise. 'He's good at anything—and yet a fool!'"

That was what Colonel Morrison gave the stenographer. What we made for the paper is entirely uninteresting and need not be printed here.

LADY BALTIMORE

BY OWEN WISTER

Author of The Virginian

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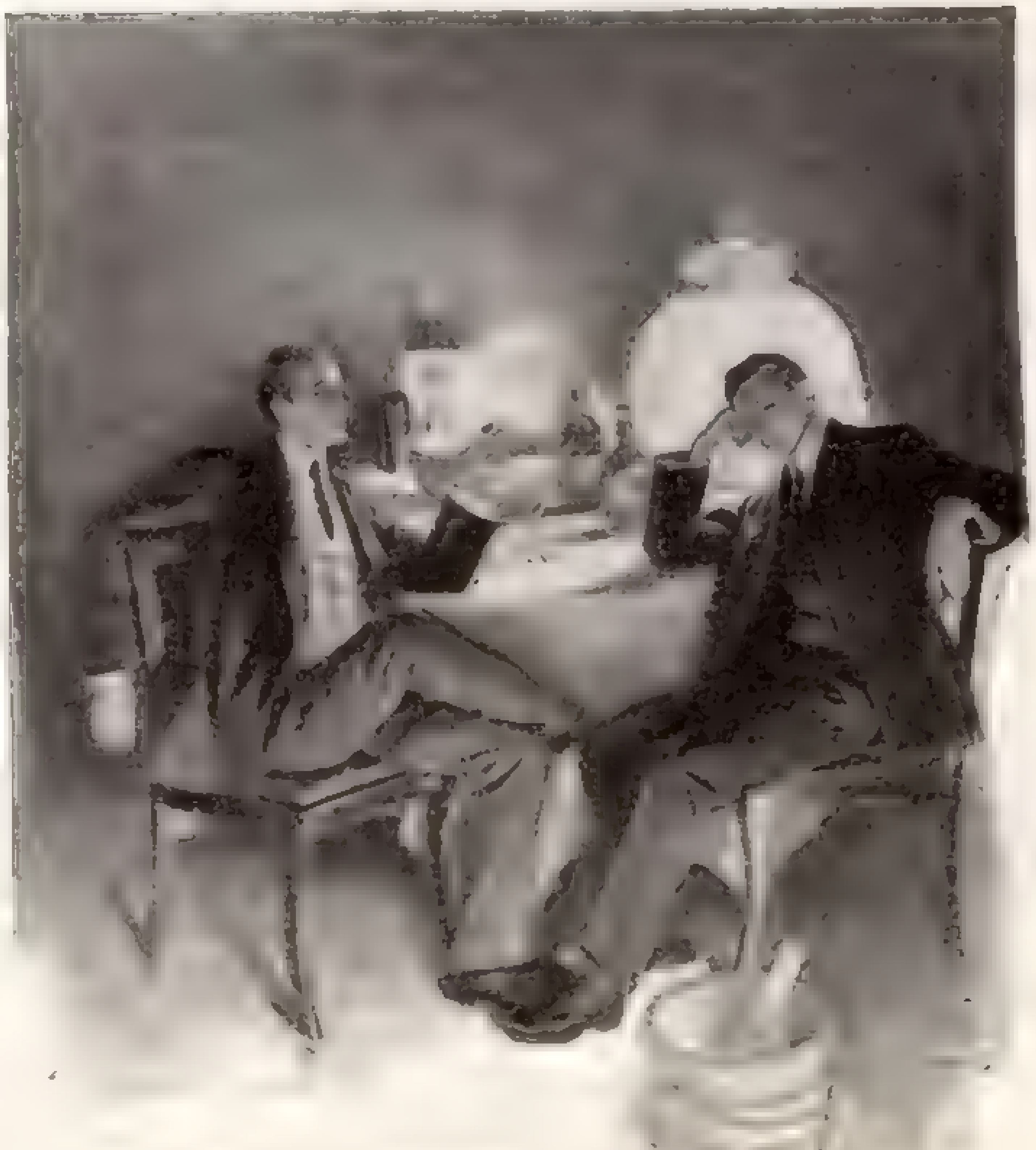


By Coffee-Time He had Unrolled for Me the Richest Tapestry of Gayeties That I Remember

XVIII—AGAIN THE REPLACERS

THERE upon the table before me, unfinished, lay my letter to Aunt Carola;-and there, still looking out of the window after every one had departed and the garden was left to its flowers and its silence, I sat with added thoughts to write my Aunt; thoughts which had been raised in me by the voiceless pantomime I had witnessed, but which scarce partook of its comedy. Miss Eliza's hand, in these thoughts, no longer seemed to be lying in despondent acquiescence upon her lap, as the old lady sat in her best dress, formally and gently accepting the inevitable woman whom her nephew John had brought upon them as his bride-elect—formally and gently accepting this person, and thus fulfilling all she could her atonement to her beloved nephew for the wrong her affection had led her to do him in that ill-starred and inexcusable tampering with his affairs. No, that old lady's delicate white hand seemed to be raised mutely to me, not in appeal, but more as if to say: "My heart was set on something else, and it is hurt beyond sadness."

I had not lived long in this unsimple world, but long enough to have seen once or twice a family circle broken by marriage unwelcome. Yet it was not what awaited Miss Eliza, a monotonous toleration and simulated acceptance of Hortense for John's sake, or else a steady estrangement from John, that was now uppermost in my thoughts. I took my pen, and finished what I had to say about the negro and the injustice we had done to *him*, as well as to our own race, by the Fifteenth Amendment. I wrote:

"I think Northerners must often seem to these people strangely obtuse in their attitude. And they deserve such opinion, since all they need to do is come here and see for themselves what the War did to the South.

"You may have a perfectly just fight with a man and beat him rightly; but if you are able to go on with your work next day, while his health is so damaged that for a long while he limps about as a cripple, you must not look up from your busy thriving and reproach him with his helplessness, and remind him of its cause; nor must you be surprised that he remembers the fight longer than you have time for. I know that the North meant to be magnanimous, that the North *was* magnanimous, that the spirit of Grant at Appomattox filled many breasts; and I know that the magnanimity was not met by those who led the South after Lee's retirement, and before reconstruction set in, and that the Fifteenth Amendment was brought on by their own doings: when have two wrongs made a right? And to place the negro above these people was an atrocity. You cannot expect them to inquire very industriously how magnanimous this North *meant* to be, when they have suffered at her hands worse, far worse, than France suffered from Germany's after 1870.

"I do think there should be a different spirit among some of the later-born, but I have come to understand even the slights and suspicions from which I here and there suffer, since to their minds, shut in by circumstance, I'm always a 'Yankee.'

"We are prosperous; and prosperity does not *bind*, it merely *assembles* people—at dinners and dances. It is adversity that *binds*—beside the gravestone, beneath the desolated roof. Could you come here and see what I have seen, the retrospect of suffering, the long, lingering convalescence, the small outlook of vigor to come, and the steadfast sodality of affliction and affection and fortitude, your kind but unenlightened heart would be wrung, as mine has been, and is being, at every turn."

After I had posted this reply to Aunt Carola I had some fears that my pen had run away with me, and that she might now descend upon me with that reproof which she knew so well how to exercise in cases of disrespect. But there was actually a certain pathos in her mildness when it came. She felt it her duty to go over a good deal of history first, but:

"I do not understand the present generation," she finished, "and I suppose that I was not meant to."

The little sigh in these words did great credit to Aunt Carola.

This vindication off my mind, and relieved by it of the more general thoughts about Kings Port and the South, which the pantomime of Kings Port's forced capitulation to Hortense had raised in me, I returned to the personal matters between that young woman and John, and Charley. How much did Charley know? How much would Charley stand? How much would John stand, if he came to know? Coming to know ought to be his salvation, his liberty; and if he didn't make it so he would be a fool past my interest or sympathy; only, wouldn't Hortense manage to keep both of them in the dark?

Her skirt-dance in the garden, executed with such astonishing wild grace behind the back of departing Kings Port, illuminated for me brilliantly the jeweled recesses of this young woman's nature; I could close my eyes and see plainly what a dance she would inevitably lead young John, once she got him safe; but what I couldn't see, now any better than before, was why she wanted to lead him at all. Through him she had triumphantly brought stiff Kings Port to her tea-table—Mrs. Gregory's cardcase was a sort of scalp; scarce enough temptation, however, for Hortense to marry; she could do very well without Kings Port—indeed, she wasn't very likely to show herself in it, save to remind them, now and then, that she was there, and that they couldn't keep her out any more; that might amuse her a little, but the society itself wouldn't amuse her in the least. What place had it for her to smoke her cigarettes in?

Eliza La Heu, then? Spite? The pleasure of taking something that somebody else wanted? The pleasure of spoiling somebody else's pleasure? Or, more accurately, the pleasure of power? Well, yes; that might be it, if Hortense Rieppe were younger in years, and younger, especially, in soul; but her museum was too richly furnished with specimens of the chase, she had collected too many bits and bibelots from life's Hôtel Drouot and the great bazar of female competition to pay so great a price as marriage for merely John; particularly when a lady, even in Newport, can have but one husband at a time in her collection. She must love John, as Beverly Rodgers had reluctantly come to believe; and it was most inappropriate in her! Had I followed out the train of reasoning which lay coiled up inside the word *inappropriate*, I might have reached the solution which eventually Hortense herself gave me, and the jeweled recesses of her nature would have blazed still more brilliantly to my eyes to-day; but, in truth, my soul wasn't old enough yet to work Hortense out by itself, unaided!

The next time that I met Mrs. Gregory St. Michael it was on my way to join the party at the old church, which Mrs. Weguelin was going to show them. The cardcase was in her hand, and the sight of it prompted me to allude to Hortense Rieppe.

"I find her beauty growing upon me," I declared.

Mrs. Gregory did not deny the beauty, although she spoke with reserve at first. "It is to be said that she knows how to write a suitable note," the lady also admitted.

She didn't tell me what the note was about, naturally; but I could imagine with what joy in the exercise of her art Hortense had constructed that communication which must have accompanied the prompt return of the cardcase.

Then Mrs. Gregory's tongue became downright. "Since you're able to see so much of her, why don't you tell her to marry that little steam-yacht gambler? I'm sure he's dying to, and he's just the thing for her."

"Ah," I returned, "Love so seldom knows what's just the thing for marriage."

"Then your precocity theory falls," declared Mrs. St. Michael. And as she went away from me along the street I watched her beautiful, stately walk; for who could help watching a sight so good?

If it was known by Mrs. Gregory St. Michael that there was a "little steam-yacht gambler" interested in Hortense I did not see how it could remain unknown to John Mayrant. Yet, after all, what could the boy have to say, if it was to him that Hortense steadfastly clung? The church party, however, was to provide me at its conclusion with a symptom that seemed to show Hortense was watching out with all her vigilance.

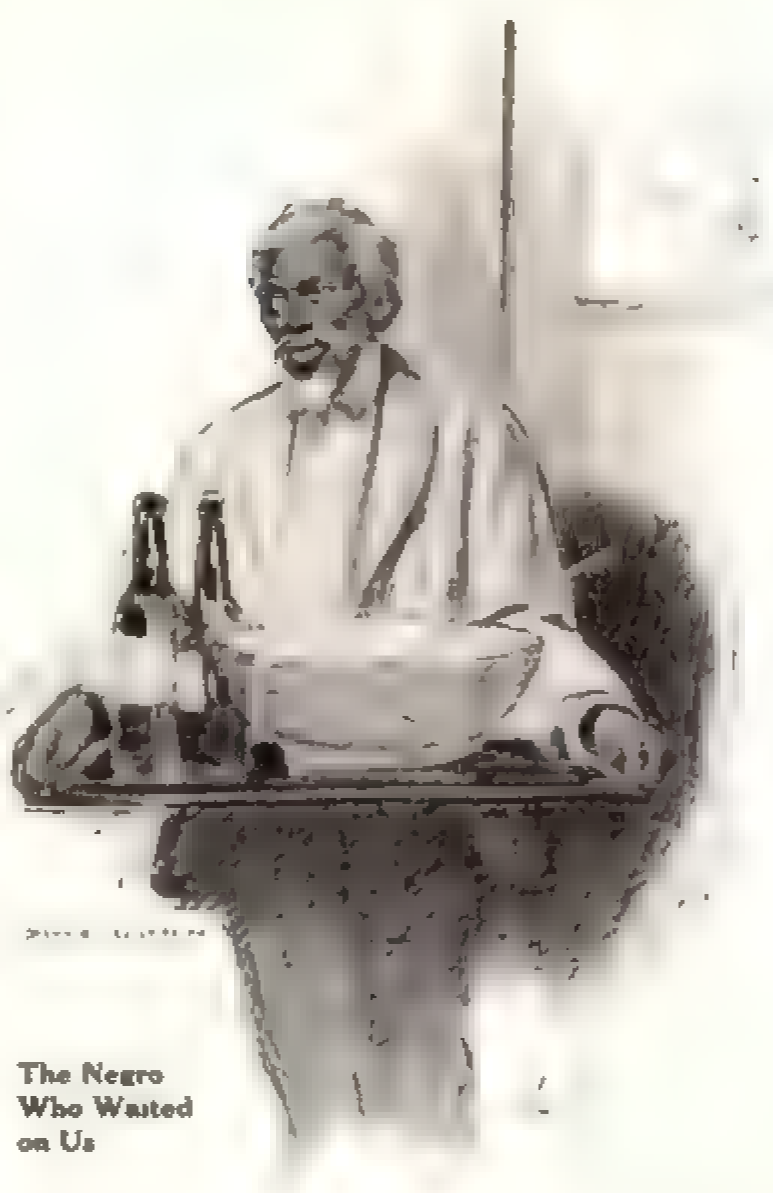
This party was already assembled when I arrived upon the spot appointed. In the street, a few paces from the church, stood Bohm and Charley and Kitty and Gazza, with Beverly Rodgers, who, as I came near, left them and joined me.

"Oh, she's somewhere off with her fire-eater," responded Beverly to my immediate inquiry for Hortense. "Do you think she was asked, old man?"

Probably not, I thought. "But she goes so well with the rest," I suggested.

Beverly gave his chuckle. "She goes where she likes. She'll meet us here when we're finished, I'm pretty sure."

"Why such certainty?"



The Negro Who Waited on Us

"Well, she has to attend to Charley, you know!" Mrs. Weguelin, it appeared, had met the party here by the church, but had now gone somewhere in the immediate neighborhood to find out why the gate was not opened to admit us, and to hasten the unpunctual custodian of the keys. I had not looked for precisely such a party as Mrs. Weguelin's invitation had gathered, nor could I imagine that she had fully understood herself what she was gathering; and this I intimated to Beverly Rodgers, saying:

"Do you suppose, my friend, that she suspected the feather of the birds you flock with?"

Beverly took it lightly. "Hang it, old boy, of course everybody can't be as nice as I am!" But he took it less lightly before it was over.

We stood chatting apart, he and I, while Bohm and Charley and Kitty and Gazza walked across the street to the window of a shop, where old furniture was for sale at a high price; and it grew clearer to me what Beverly had innocently brought upon Mrs. Weguelin, and how he had brought it. The little, quiet, particular lady had been pleased with his visit, and pleased with him. His good manners, his good appearance, his good English-trained voice, all these things must have been extremely to her taste; and then—more important than they—did she not know about his people? She had inquired, he told me, with interest about two of his uncles, whom she had last seen in 1858. "She's awfully the right sort," said Beverly. Yes, I saw well how that visit must have gone: the gentle old lady reviving in Beverly's presence, and for the sake of being civil to him, some memories of her girlhood, some meetings with those uncles, some dances with them; and generally shedding from her talk and manner the charm of some sweet old melody—and Beverly, the facile, the appreciative, sitting there with her at a correct, deferential angle on his chair, admirably sympathetic and in good form, and playing the old school. (He had no thought to deceive her; the old school was his by right, and genuinely in his blood; he took to it like a duck to the water). How should Mrs. Weguelin divine that he also took to the *nouveau jeu* to the tune of Bohm and Charley and Kitty and Gazza? And so, to show him some attention, and because she couldn't ask him to a meal, why, she would take him over the old church of her colonial forefathers; she would tell him the little legends about those forefathers; he was precisely the young man to appreciate such things—and she would be pleased if he would also bring his friends.

I looked across the street at Bohm and Charley and Kitty and Gazza. They were now staring about them in all their perfection of stare: small Charlie in a sleek slate-colored suit, as neat as any little barber; Bohm, massive, portentous, his strong shoes and gloves the chief note in his dress, and about his whole firm frame a heavy mechanical strength, a look as of something that did something rapidly and accurately when set going—cut or cracked or ground or smashed something better and faster than it had ever been cut or cracked or ground or smashed before, and would take your arms and legs off if you didn't stand well back from it; it was only in Bohm's eye and lips that you saw he wasn't made entirely of brass and iron, that champagne and shoulders *décolletés* received a punctual share of his valuable time. And there was Kitty too, just the wife for Bohm so soon as she could divorce her husband, to whom she had united herself before discovering that all she married him for, his old Knickerbocker name, was no longer in the slightest degree necessary for social acceptance; while she could feed people, her trough would be well thronged. Kitty was neat, Kitty was trig, Kitty was what Beverly would call "swagger"; her skillful tailor-made clothes, fitting like gloves, gave her the excellent appearance of a well-folded English umbrella; it was in her hat that she had gone wrong—a beautiful hat in itself, one which would have wholly become Hortense; but for poor Kitty it didn't do at all. Yes, she was a well-folded English umbrella, only the umbrella had for its handle the head of a bulldog or the leg of a ballet-dancer. And these were the replacers, whom Beverly's clear-sighted eyes saw swarming round the temple of his civilization, pushing down the aisles, climbing over the backs of the benches, walking over each other's bodies, and seizing those front seats which his family had sat in since New York had been New York; and so the wise fellow very reluctantly took every step that would insure the replacers inviting him to occupy one of his own chairs. I had almost forgotten little Gazza, the Italian nobleman, who sold old furniture to new Americans. Gazza was not looking at the old furniture of Kings Port, which must have filled his Vatican soul with contempt; he was strolling back and forth in the street, with his head in the air, humming, now loudly, now softly, "*La-la, la-la, E quando a la predica in chiesa siederai, la-la-la-la*"; and I thought to myself that, were I the Pope, I should kick him into the Tiber.

When Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael came back with the keys and their custodian, Bohm was listening to the slow, clear words of Charley, in which he evidently found something that at length interested him—a little. Bohm, it seemed, did not often speak himself: possibly once a week. His way was to let other people speak to him; when there were signs in his face that he was hearing anything which they said, it was a high compliment to them, and of course Charley could command Bohm's ear; for Charley, although he was as neat as any barber, and let Hortense walk on him because he looked beyond that, and proposed to get her, was just as potent in the financial world as Bohm, could bring a borrowing Empire to his own terms just as skillfully as could Bohm; was, in short, a man after Bohm's own—I had almost said heart: the expression is so obstinately imbedded in our language! Bohm, listening, and Charley, talking, had neither of them noticed Mrs. Weguelin's arrival; they stood ignoring her, while she waited, casting a timid eye upon them. But Beverly, suddenly perceiving this, and begging her pardon for them, brought the party together, and we moved in among the old graves.

"Ah!" said Gazza, bending to read the quaint words cut upon one of them, as we stopped while the door at the rear of the church was being opened, "French!"

"It was the mother-tongue of these Colonists," Mrs. Weguelin explained to him.

"Ah! like Canada!" cried Gazza. "But what a pretty bit is that!" And he stood back to admire a little glimpse, across a street, between tiled roofs and rusty balconies, of another church-steeple. "Almost, one would say, the Old World," Gazza declared.

"Our world is not new," said Mrs. Weguelin; and she passed into the church.

"But there was nothing in it," I heard Charley's slow monologue continuing behind me to the silent Bohm. "We could have bought the Parsons road at that time. 'Gentlemen,' I said to them, 'what is there for us in tidewater at Kings Port?'"

I had now followed Mrs. Weguelin and those of the party who were making some show of attention to her quiet little histories and explanations; and Kitty's was the next voice which I heard ring out:

"Oh, you must never let it fall to pieces! It's the quaintest, cunningest little fossil I've seen in the South."

"So," said Charley behind me, "we let the other crowd buy their strategic point; and I guess they know they got a gold brick."

I moved away from the financiers, I endeavored not to hear their words; and in this much I was successful; but their inappropriate presence had got, I suppose, upon my nerves; at any rate, go where I would in the little church, or attend as I might and did to what Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael said about the tablets, and whatever traditions their inscriptions suggested to her, that quiet, low, persistent banker's voice of Charley's pervaded the building like a draft of cold air. Once, indeed, he addressed to Mrs. Weguelin a question. She was telling Beverly (who followed her throughout, protectingly and charmingly, with his most devoted attention and his best manner) the honorable deeds of certain older generations of a family belonging to this congregation, some of whose tombs outside had borne French inscriptions.

"My mother's family," said Mrs. Weguelin.

"And nowadays," inquired Beverly, "what do they find instead of military careers?"

"There are no more of us nowadays; they—they were killed in the war." And immediately she smiled, and with her hand she made a light gesture, as if to dismiss from mutual embarrassment and pain this subject.

"I might have known better," murmured the understanding Beverly.

But Charley now had his question. "How many, did you say?"

"How many?" Mrs. Weguelin didn't quite understand him.

"Were killed?" explained Charley.

Again there was a little pause before Mrs. Weguelin answered: "My four brothers met their deaths."

Charley was interested. "And what was the percentage of fatality in their regiments?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Weguelin, "we did not think of it in that way." And she turned aside.

"Charley," said Kitty with some precipitancy, "do make Mr. Bohm look at the church!" and she turned after Mrs. Weguelin. "It *is* such a *gem!*"

Yes, Kitty did her best to cover it up; Kitty, as she would undoubtedly have said herself, could see a few things. But nobody could cover it up, though Beverly was now perspiring through his efforts to do so. Indeed, replacers cannot be covered up by human agency; they bulge, they loom, they stare, they dominate the road of life, even as their automobiles drive horses and pedestrians to the wall. Bohm, roused from his financial torpor by Kitty's sharp command, did actually turn his eyes upon the church, which he had now been inside for some twenty minutes without noticing. Instinct and long training had given his eye, when it really looked at anything, a particular glance—the glance of the replacer—which plainly calculated: "Can this be made worth money to me?" and which died instantly to a glaze of indifference on seeing that no money could be made. Bohm's eye, accordingly, waked and then glazed. Manners, courtesy, he did not need, not yet; he had looked at them with his replacer glance, and, seeing no money in them, had gone on looking at railroads, and mines, and mills (and bare shoulders, and bottles). Should manners and courtesy come, some day, to mean money to him, then he could have them, in his fashion, so that his admirers and his apologists should alike declare of him, "A rough diamond, but consider what he has made of himself!"

"After what, did you say?" This was the voice of Gazza, addressing Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael. It must be said of Gazza that he, too, made a certain pretense of interest in the traditions of Kings Port.

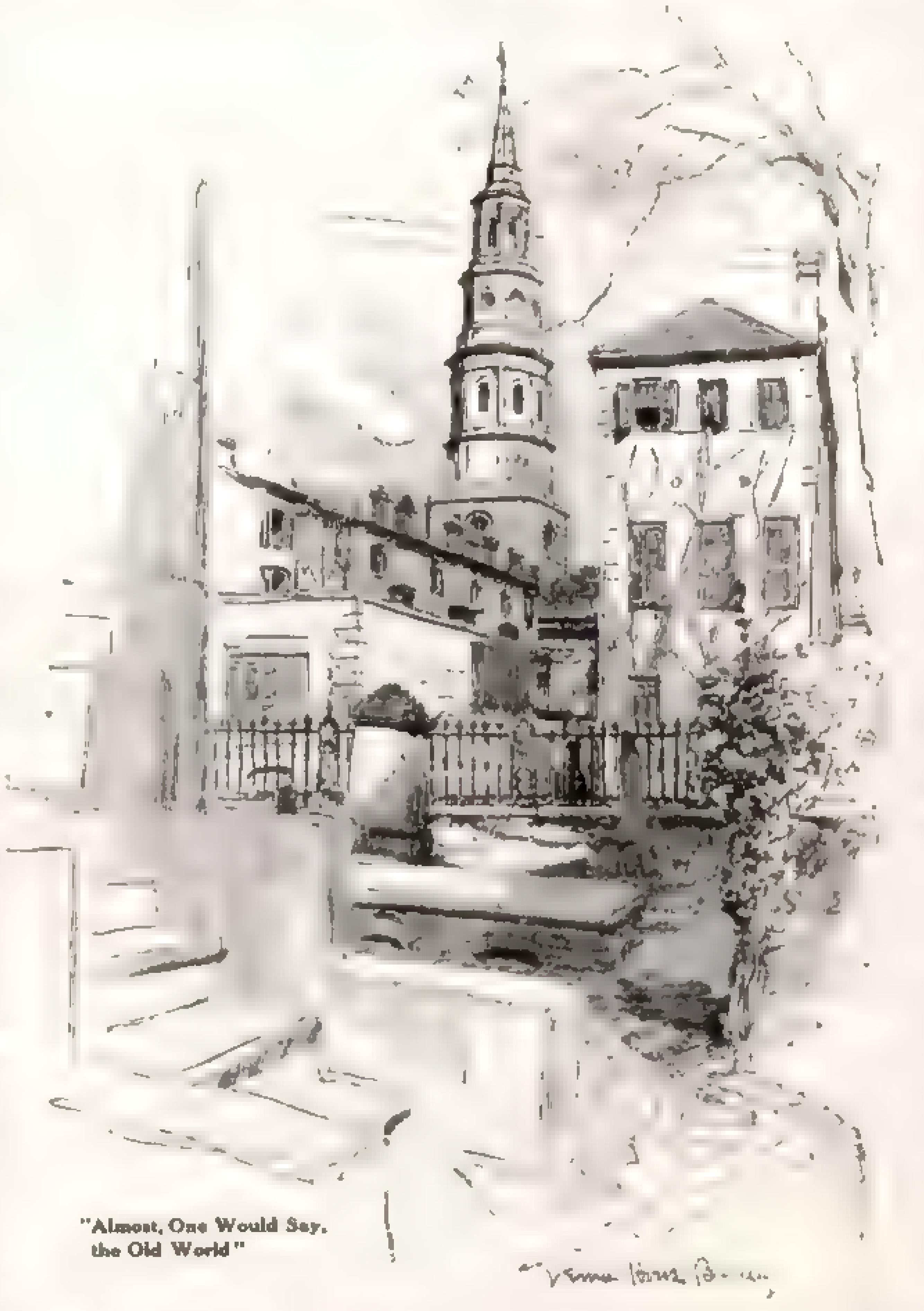
"After the revocation of the edict of Nantes," replied Mrs. Weguelin.

"Built it in Savannah," Charley was saying to Bohm, "or Norfolk. This is a good place to bury people in, but not money. Now the phosphate proposition ——"

Again I dragged my attention by force away from that quiet, relentless monologue, and listened as well as I could to Mrs. Weguelin. There had come to be among us all, I think—Beverly, Kitty, Gazza and myself—a joint impulse to shield her, to cluster about her, to follow her steps from each little lecture that she finished to the new point where the next lecture began; and we did it, performed our pilgrimage to the end; but there was less and less nature in our performance. I knew (and it was like a dream which I couldn't stop) that we pressed a little too close, that our questions were a little too eager, that we over-painted our faces with attention; knowing it didn't help, nothing helped, and we went on to the end, seeing ourselves doing it; and it must have been that Mrs. Weguelin saw us likewise. But she was truly admirable in giving no sign; she came out well ahead; the lectures were not hurried, one had no sense of points being skipped to accommodate our unworthiness; it required a previous familiarity with the church to know (as I did) that there was, indeed, more and more skipping; yet the little lady played her part so evenly and with never a falter of voice nor a change in the gentle courtesy of her manner, that I don't think—save for that previous familiarity of mine—I could have been sure what she thought, or how much she noticed. Her face was always so pale, it may well have been all imagination with me that she seemed, when we emerged at last into the light of the street, paler than usual; but I am almost certain that her hand was trembling as she stood receiving the thanks of the party. These thanks were cut a little short by the arrival of one of the automobiles, and, at the same time, the appearance of Hortense strolling toward us with John Mayrant.

Charley had resumed to Bohm: "A tax of twenty-five cents on the ton is nothing with deposits of this richness," when his voice ceased; and, looking at him to see the cause, I perceived that his eye was on John, and that his polished finger-nail was running meditatively along his thin mustache.

Hortense took the matter—whatever the matter was—in hand.



"Almost, One Would Say, the Old World"

"You haven't much time," she said to Charley, who consulted his watch.

"Who's coming to see me off?" he inquired

"Where's he going?" I asked Beverly.

"She's sending him North," Beverly answered, and then he spoke with his very best simple manner to Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael. "May I not walk home with you after all your kindness?"

She was going to say no, for she had had enough of this party; but she looked at Beverly, and his face and his true solicitude won her; she said, "Thank you, if you will." And the two departed together down the shabby street, the little veiled lady in black, and Beverly with his excellent London clothes and his still more excellent look of respectful, sheltering attention.

And now Bohm pronounced the only utterance that I heard fall from his lips during his stay in Kings Port. He looked at the church he had come from, he looked at the neighboring larger church, whose columns stood out at the angle of the street; he looked at the graveyard opposite that, then at the stale, dusty shop of old furniture, and then up the shabby street, where no life or movement was to be seen, except the distant forms of Beverly and Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael. Then from a gold cigar-case, curved to fit his breast-pocket, he took a cigar and lighted it from a gold match-box. Offering none of us a cigar, he placed the case again in his pocket; and holding his lighted cigar a moment with two fingers in his strong glove, he spoke:

"This town's worse than Sunday."

Then he got into the automobile. They all followed to see Charley off, and he addressed me.

"I shall be glad," he said, "if you will make one of a little party on the yacht next Sunday, when I come back. And you also," he added to John.

Both John and I expressed our acceptance in suitable terms, and the automobile took its way to the train.

"Your Kings Port streets," I said, as we walked back toward Mrs. Trevise's, "are not very favorable for automobiles."

"No," he returned briefly. I don't remember that either of us found more to say until we had reached my front door, when he asked: "Will the day after to-morrow suit you for Udolpho?"

"Whenever you say," I told him.

"Weather permitting, of course. But I hope that it will; for after that I suppose my time will not be quite so free."

After we had parted it struck me that this was the first reference to his approaching marriage that John had ever made in my hearing since that day long ago (it seemed long ago, at least) when he had come to the Exchange to order the wedding-cake, and Eliza La Heu had fallen in love with him at sight. That, in my opinion, looking back now with eyes at any rate partially opened, was what Eliza had done. Had John returned the compliment then, or since?

XIX—UDOLPHO

IT WAS to me continuously a matter of satisfaction and of interest to see Hortense disturbed—whether for causes real or imaginary—about the security of her title to her lover, John, nor can I say that my misinterpreted bunch of roses diminished this satisfaction. I should have been glad to know if the accomplished young woman had further probed that question and discovered the truth, but it seemed scarce likely that she could do this without the help of one of three persons, Eliza and myself who knew all, or John who knew nothing; for the up-country bride, and whatever other people in Kings Port there were to whom the bride might gayly recite the tale of my roses, were none of them likely to encounter Miss Rieppe; their paths and hers would not meet until they met in church at the wedding of Hortense and John. No; she couldn't have found out the truth; for never in the world would she at this eleventh hour risk a conversation with John upon a subject so full of well-packed explosives; and so she must be simply keeping on both him and Eliza an eye as watchful as lay in her power. As for Charley, what bait, what persuasion, what duress she had been able to find that took him at an hour so critical from her side to New York, I could not in the least conjecture. Had she said to the little banker, Go, because I must think it over alone? It didn't seem strong enough. Or had she said, Go, and on your return you shall have my answer? Not adequate either, I thought. Or had it been, If you don't go it shall be "no," to-day and forever? This last was better; but there was no telling, nor did Beverly Rodgers, to whom I propounded all my theories, have any notion of what was between Hortense and Charley. He only knew that Charley was quite aware of the existence of John, but had always been merely amused at the notion of him.

"So have you been merely amused," I reminded him.

"Not since that look I saw her give him, old chap. I know she wants him, only not why she wants him. And Charley, you know—well, of course, poor Charley's a banker, just a banker and no more; and a banker is merely the ace in the same pack where the drummer is the two-spot. Our American civilization should be called Drummer's Delight—and there's nothing in your fire-eater to delight a drummer: he's a gentleman, he'll be only so-so rich, and he's away back out of the limelight, while poor old Charley's a bounder, and worth forty millions anyhow, and right in the centre of the glare. How should he see any danger in John?"

"I wonder if he hasn't begun to?"

"Well, perhaps. He and Hortense have been 'talking business'; I know that. Oh—and why do you think she *said* he must go to New York? To make a better deal for the fire-eater's phosphates than his fuddling old trustee here was going to close with. Charley said that could be arranged by telegram. But she made him go himself! She's extraordinary. He'll arrive in town to-morrow, he'll leave next day, he'll reach here by the Southern on Saturday night in time for our Sunday yacht picnic, and then something has got to happen, I should think."

"It most certainly has!" I exclaimed, "if my busy boarding-house bodies are right in saying that the invitations for the wedding are to be out on Monday."

"Well, I had Friday, I had Udolpho; and there, while on that excursion, when I should be alone with John Mayrant during many hours, and especially the hours of deep, confidential night, I swore to myself on oath I would say to the boy the last word, up to the verge of offense, that my wits could devise. Apart from a certain dramatic excitement as of battle—battle between Hortense and me—I truly wished to help him out of the miserable mistake his wrong standard, his chivalry gone perverted, was spurring him on to make; and I had a comic image of myself, summoning Miss Josephine, summoning Miss Eliza, summoning Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. Weguelin, and the whole company of aunts and cousins, and handing to them the rescued John with the single but sufficient syllable: "There!"

He was in apparent spirits, was John, at that hour of our departure for Udolpho; he pretended so well that I was for a while altogether deceived. He had wished to call

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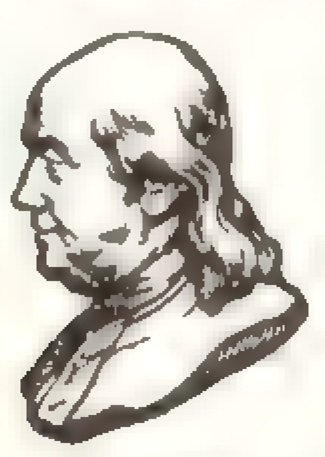
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Make Way for the Auto

THAT projected automobile highway between London and the sea at Brighton is a move in the right direction. When it became evident that the steam locomotive and its train were to be a big factor in the future of mankind, there was no delay in arranging that it should have its own highway. And now that it is clear that the automobile is to supplement, if not some day entirely to supplant, the other means of long-distance transportation, the sooner we set about providing for the new development, the fewer lives will be lost and the more quickly will everybody begin to reap the enormous potential benefits.

A four-track highway between Philadelphia and New York would be a good starter: two tracks for the speeders and two tracks for the slower goers, including, of course, freight and parcels and delivery-wagon autos.

Why Greek and Latin?

AT THE present moment there are probably half a million young men and young women, in colleges, academies and high schools, engaged in trying to get Latin and Greek declensions into their heads. They spend hours each week, the precious hours of the educational period, so brief at best, at their task. Yet travelers from America can hardly keep from laughing when they go into a Turkish university and see several thousand young men sitting cross-legged and waving their bodies back and forth as they commit verse after verse of Mohammed's stupid Koran to memory.

If Latin and Greek train the mind, so do German and French and science. Why, then, the persistence of the Latin and Greek cult? Any good reason? Any other, of course, than the snobbishness of feeling that, with a little back-number Middle Age culture, one can make a self-made man fancy that he is in the presence of a superior?

The Game is Getting Wild

THE appointment of a receiver for the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad suggests that the rules of the game should be amended. Perhaps President Roosevelt can get his football friends to take up the subject.

The insolvent system is barely a year and a half old. It was in July, 1904, that the enthusiastic syndicate which secured control of the basic road, largely with borrowed money, caused it to buy the Pere Marquette, and issued $8,500,000 fine new "refunding" bonds to finance the purchase. Only a year ago there was another issue of $15,000,000 "collateral gold notes" to retire some preferred stock. Last March the Pere Marquette was formally leased, and pleased holders of the outstanding stock were guaranteed substantial dividends. Last year, also, the Pere Marquette issued $6,000,000 new "refunding" bonds. Last September, when the syndicate had a large payment on its basic holdings to meet, Mr. Morgan obligingly purchased them and with equal obligingness arranged to sell the system to the Erie, which has only some $368,000,000 of capital obligations of its own to look out for. There was objection, however, and on second thought it was decided to throw the system into bankruptcy and reorganization.

Thus, it will be observed, the hopeful purchasers of some $30,000,000 of the new system's new securities barely had time to get them in their pockets, and turn around once, before they were called upon to surrender them to the reorganizers. This is too discouraging. The rules must be amended so that the purchaser of a security shall have at least two laps the start of the receiver, or it is going to kill the game.

The industrial consolidation game was finally killed by the shipbuilding affair, which fell down on the heads of subscribers before they could jump out of a window. The C. H. & D. incident points a warning that the railroad consolidation enterprise will go the same way unless it is somewhat reformed.

The great "new" Rock Island System, which has just cut off returns to its preferred stockholders, pushed the limits rather hard; but at least it permitted investors to draw several dividends and a long breath before it called upon them to face readjustment. This should always be the rule. The reorganizers can afford to be patient. No doubt the next important business depression will bring them the usual ample grist to grind.

They Must Learn Their Trade

SEVERAL of the high officers of the navy are saying frankly that our naval service is away below par because so few of the officers know anything about machinery; and they urge that at least a certain definite small proportion of the graduates of Annapolis, say one in ten, should be practical mechanical engineers.

But why not all? What excuse is there for this bourbonism, this snobbishness that refuses to recognize the revolution in naval conditions? A naval man of to-day might as well be ignorant of navigation or of gunnery as of machinery. The engine now is what the sail used to be. What would a Paul Jones or a David Porter have said to a proposal that at least a certain proportion of his staff should understand sails!

Both our army and our navy are filled with old-fashioned notions of an aristocratic and, in war times, highly perilous survivals from the ancient order. Every one of these should be rooted out. There are no degrees of dignity and honor in the service of one's country. The engine-room is the quarter-deck of the modern warship.

The Peasant Prince

LOUBET is the first people's President of France—for he is the first who came from the masses, from the peasantry. And, now that he is about to retire, all parties in France are admitting the truth that there is not at the head of any nation in Europe his equal in all the essentials of a chief of state. He is the best endowed in intellect, has the finest character, has the most perfect tact, is the most gracious host and the most attractive guest. In a word, the peasant measures head and shoulders above any prince, whether as man or as gentleman.

Emile Loubet is the kind of man that makes the carpings at democratic institutions ridiculous.

The Worthy Rich

IN THE golden age of American letters, when for ten cents a line a successful business man might be "written up" in the Sunday papers of his home city, it was customary to say of him, in the first few lines of the laudatory article, that "the subject of this sketch was born of poor but honest parents." The implication of the words, "but honest," of course, was that ordinary, every-day poor, unqualified by the exceptional condition, carried opprobrium with it, and signified a low and necessarily vicious social status. The phrase has gone out of vogue, because unconsciously the world—at least the American part of it—has ceased to regard poverty, as such, with suspicion.

But the pendulum of public approval is swinging so far in the other direction that, if we do not check it, in ten years more it will be said of the successful man that he was "born of rich but honest parents."

The fashion in popular morals is to consider wealth a thing to be palliated, mitigated or explained. "Where did he get it?" is an effective club to throw after a grafter, but, unless we are careful, its business end will be dented by too frequent use on the heads of more or less honest men. "Tainted money," a most expressive and felicitous combination of words, is liable to lose its strength, and become a synonym for all surplus money given to any good cause. Also the phrase, "the filthy rich," is liable to lose its nice corners of meaning by too constant use, and go shuttling about the country as an epithet to hurl at any rich man.

Therefore it should be understood pretty definitely that there is a class of citizens who may be known as the worthy or deserving rich just as there is another class known as the worthy or deserving poor; and we should not forget, while we are extending our kindness to the deserving poor, that we should be equally generous with the worthy rich. We should ever remember that it is no disgrace to be rich—just as it is not an evidence of dishonesty to be poor. Many persons are busy doing real service to society who incidentally accumulate wealth as they serve; though many others not a whit more deserving than the worthy rich remain poor while they serve their fellows. Riches or poverty, as such, should signify no more than the color of the eyes, the grain of the skin, or the timbre of the voice. The real test of a man's value to society should be his service. This may all seem trite, but there is a large class of citizens who evidently think that what the old-time theologians called the "Lamb's book of life" is being edited by Duns and Bradstreets.

Little Caution and Big Sticks

WHATEVER may be the manner and motives of President Castro, it is impossible for boss-cursed Americans not to have a strong sympathy with his war on the bondholders and the concessionaires. Everybody knows how some of those bond issues and concessions were made—the rotten conspiracies between the capitalists and the dictators by which the two parties to the conspiracy got everything and the people nothing.

A legitimate development of our inflexible policy of enforcing the Monroe Doctrine would be for us to establish a permanent commission to get and publish the actual whole rotten truth about any transaction over which some group of grabbers is trying to set on our Government or some European Government to attack a South or Central American republic. The mere publishing of the facts would, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, make it unnecessary for us so much as to glance in the direction of our "big stick."

The Decay of Lying

IN NO minor respect has the life-insurance investigation been more instructive that in its revelations of an effeminate, decadent style of mendacity. Take a recent instance: One of the companies loaned somebody, for one day, $700,000 of non-taxable bonds, in order that the somebody might dodge taxes on that amount by swearing that his possessions consisted of non-taxable securities. The next day he handed back the company's non-taxable bonds and resumed possession of his own taxable ones.

A robust, hearty, outright liar is not beyond hope. He lifts his right hand and swears off his taxes in a clear, ringing voice, without a blink. He has courage, which is always a hopeful quality. Moreover, he has a kind of admirable integrity in his sin. He says to himself, "I don't propose to pay taxes, so I'll just lie out of it." But the shuffling, doubling, timorous prevaricator who has to bolster up his wobbly little conscience with cheap little devices before he can get it to stand for the lie is probably beyond redemption. He is compounded of such fluid materials that if you lifted him bodily to the side of virtue he would begin to spill and leak across the line.

Finally, the worst of all liars is the one who makes himself swallow his own lie and thereby does a double service in perjury, both an outward and an inward. The old challenge was: "You lie in your throat." But the man who makes himself lie to himself lies in his soul. The outright, courageous perjurer at least tells himself what he is doing. The one who resorts to putting bonds out of his hands over night in order to swear that he hasn't them and thus dodge taxes whispers the perjury into his own heart.

Lie not at all. But if you are going to do it at all, stand up to the mark like a man and do it outright.

A Washington Emergency

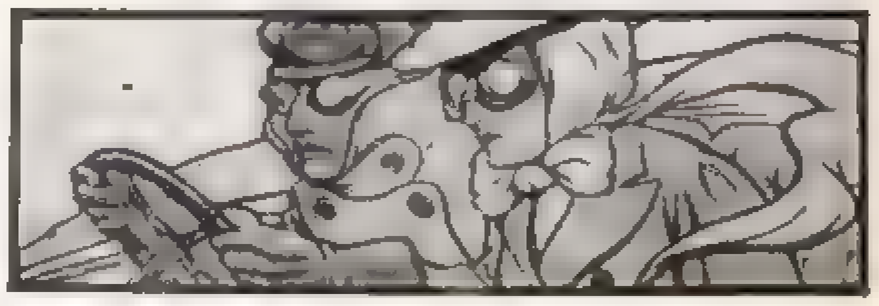
THE Government of the United States was recently subjected to a strain of considerable violence, yet some 80,000,000 subjects who do not dwell within the immediate shadow of the dome were unaware of it.

Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, died suddenly. At the time of his decease he was at liberty under bond pending an appeal from his conviction for participation in extensive land fraud against the Government, the sentence including fine and imprisonment. Out of sight of the dome this circumstance would appear rather conclusive as to whether the funeral should be solemnized by public honors. Moreover, both of the representatives from the Senator's State—upon one of whom would devolve the traditional duty of giving notice of the death and moving for the usual public recognition—were under the same cloud, one having been convicted, the other indicted. Away from the Capitol this situation would have been met promptly and simply by the conclusion that the less said the better. But this obvious solution encountered what is probably the strongest single force at Washington—namely, Precedent. According to Precedent, such and such formalities must ensue upon the death of a Senator, and the lobbies debated the question whether Precedent should be ignored with a zest which the Monroe Doctrine scarcely could have worked. There are many governmental phenomena which seem inexplicable until one remembers that clothes are more important than the body to persons who are professionally engaged in making the clothes.

Rubaiyat of the Automobile

BY

CAROLYN WELLS



1
Wake! For the Car that scatters into flight
The Hens before it in a flapping Fright,
Drives straight up to your Door, and bids you Come
Out for a Morning Hour of Sheer Delight.

2
Why, if the Soul can know this Glorious Game,
All other Stunts seem dry and dull and tame;
This is the ultimate, triumphant Joy,
Automobile Elation is its name!

3
Would you your Last remaining Thousands spend
About the Secret? Quick about it, Friend!
A hair perhaps divides This make from That—
And on that Hair, prithee, may Life depend!

4
Each year a hundred Models brings, they say.
Yes, but Who buys the Car of Yesterday?
And every mail brings in New Catalogues
That make a Last Year's Model fade away!

5
Waste not your Hour nor in the Vain pursuit
Of Demonstrators who will loud Dispute;
"This one is Best because it's painted Red!"
"That one, because it has a Sweeter Toot!"

6
Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Car shall jerk or smoothly run,
The Wine of Life is in a Motor Trip;
(Though all the Parts keep breaking one by one!)

7
Indeed, with my big Car I've run so long
It seems to me there's Always something Wrong;
Faulty Ignition, or a Leaky valve—
Or maybe the Compression is too strong.

8
Then to the Laughing Face that lurks behind
The veil, I lifted up mine Eyes to find
Two pouting Lips, demurely murmuring,
"I don't See why you ever bought This kind!"

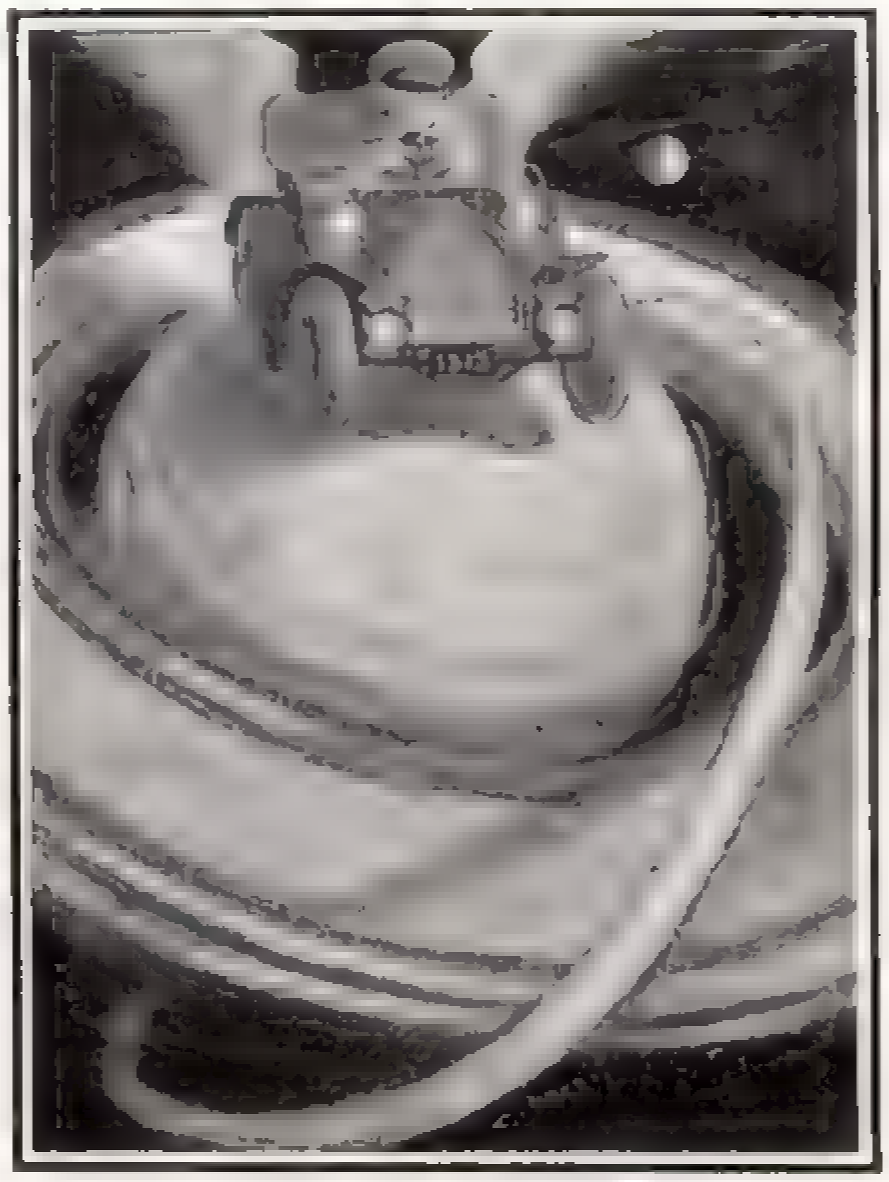
9
Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
Garage and Club—and heard much Argument
About it and about—yet evermore
Came out more Addled than when in I went!

10
Indeed, I've learned to treat it as a Joke
When Nuts work loose, or Carburetters choke;
And then, and then—the Spring, and then the Belt;
A Punctured Tire, or Change Speed Lever broke!

11
A Look of Anguish underneath the Car,
Another Start—a Squeak—a Grunt—a Jar!
The Aspiration Pipe is working loose!
The Vapor can't get out! And there you are!

12
For I remember Stopping by the way,
To tinker up the old Machine one day,
And with a Reckless and Unbridled tongue,
I muttered—Well, I wouldn't like to say!

13
When suddenly an Angel Shape was seen
Approaching in an Up-to-date machine,
Bearing a Vessel which he offered me,
And bid me smell of it. 'Twas Gasoline!



14
The stuff that can with Logic Absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Parts confute;
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
A drop of Oil will into Power transmute.

15
Strange, is it not, that of the Myriads who
Have empty Tanks and know not what to do,
Not one will Tell of it when he Returns!
As for Ourselves—Why, we deny it, too!

16
We are no other than a Moving Row
Of Automobile Cranks that come and go.
And what with Goggles and Talc-windowed Veils,
In Motoring Get-up, we're a Holy Show!

17
But helpless pieces of the Game bestowed
Upon the Checker-board of Hill and Road;
Hither and Thither moved and sped and stopped,
And One by One back to the Garage towed.

18
The Car no Question makes of Ayes or Noes,
But Here or There as suits its Fancy goes.
But the Bystander, offering Advice,
He knows about it all—He *knows*—He KNOWS!

19
And if in Vain down on the stubborn Floor
Of Earth you lie. And weary, cramped and sore,
You gaze to-day; you may as well be Sure
To-morrow 'twill be Worse than 'twas Before!

20
And that Inverted Man, who seems to lie
Upon the Ground, and Squints with Practis'd Eye.
Lift not your hands to him for Help. For he
As impotently works as you or I.

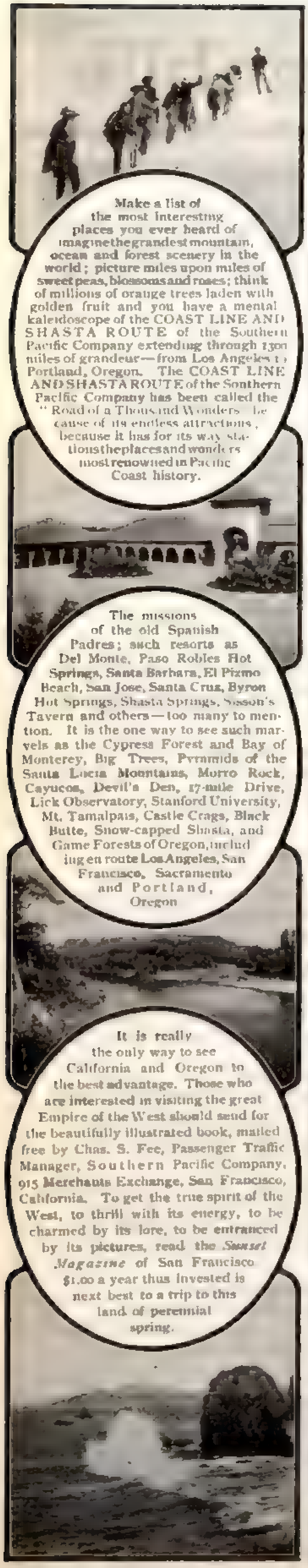
21
Whereat some one of the Loquacious lot
(Who seem to rise up, jeering, on the Spot!)
Butts in and says, "You'd better test the Coil,"
"Your Exhaust Valve Spring's broke," or, "Crank
Head's hot!"

22
And this I know. Though in the Magazine
Perfectly Running Motor Cars I've seen,
It's quite a Different Proposition when
They're on the Road, and filled with Gasoline!

23
The Moving Motor speeds, and having Sped
Moves on. Nor all the cries and shrieks of Dread
Shall lure it back to settle Damage Claims,
Not even if the Victims are Half Dead!

24
And when at Last you've mastered Valves and Bolts,
When with no fear of Side-slips, Jars or Jolts,
Your Forty H. P. Racer licks up Miles
At Meteor Speed, turn on a Few More Volts!

25
Then in your Glorious Bravery exult!
When your Car plunges like a Catapult,
Sit Tight, Hold hard, pass everything in Sight!
And you will be Surprised at the Result!



Make a list of the most interesting places you ever heard of; imagine the grandest mountain, ocean and forest scenery in the world; picture miles upon miles of sweet peas, blossoms and roses; think of millions of orange trees laden with golden fruit and you have a mental kaleidoscope of the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company extending through 1300 miles of grandeur—from Los Angeles to Portland, Oregon. The COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company has been called the "Road of a Thousand Wonders" because of its endless attractions, because it has for its way stations the places and wonders most renowned in Pacific Coast history.

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THE LOVE STORY OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË

The Hero of Villette

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

IN 1891, during a short visit which I made to Brussels, I became acquainted, by chance, with certain circumstances in Charlotte Brontë's life in that old capital, more than half a century before. They were trifles in themselves, but they gave me a totally new idea of the author of Jane Eyre, and made a flesh-and-blood woman out of the weird little creature who so magnetized and puzzled the world in the middle of last century.

The Brontë sisters, perhaps, had more of the unreal, intangible quality than any other English writers. The public, from the first, threw a mystery around them and they never yet have been brought out before the world into honest daylight. Three lean, consumptive women living in a graveyard in the middle of a damp, malarious moor, starved in body and mind, with a half-mad clergyman for a father, who vented his silent rages by firing pistols out into the night, and a wholly mad brother, standing on his feet ranting curses until he dropped dead—these were the material out of which the newspaper critics and biographers of the day made up their appreciations of the new writers.

The biographers of the Brontës all hinted, too, that they possessed the qualities of the characters in their books. Emily, a silent, wild-eyed girl, the solitary event in whose life was its long dying agony, is popularly believed to have hidden in her lean little body the ferocious passions with which she endowed her monstrous heroes and heroines in Wuthering Heights. Charlotte, even when she elected to fill the commonplace rôle in the world of the wife of a very commonplace village curate, is still regarded askance by the public as a low-voiced, soft-eyed monster—a Jane Eyre, a Rochester and a Rochester's mad wife all rolled into one.

Genius two of these lonely, sickly women undoubtedly possessed—the mysterious creative power which enabled them to conceive abnormal and inhuman qualities and to breathe them into their fictitious men and women with such force that the public received the men and women and gave them a permanent place in the world as if they had been living souls. But I doubt whether the Brontë sisters in actual fact were themselves one whit more abnormal than are the lonely, sickly, unmarried women of any English or American village.

The facts of Charlotte's sojourn in Brussels, when they came to my knowledge, forced this prosaic conviction on me.

As I said, it was by accident that I learned this chapter of her history. Coming one day with another American woman out of the cathedral we stopped on the steps to discuss the Miracle shown on the pictured windows inside.

My readers will recollect the tradition that, in the fifteenth century, a Jew stole the Eucharist from the pyx on the altar, took it to his home in a miserable quarter of the city, put it into a caldron on the street and boiled it. The water, we are told, turned at once into blood and overflowed, deluging the street. The Jew was torn into pieces by the mob. The city abased itself in penitence for the crime against the Host, and the five great sovereigns of Europe caused the story of the sacrilege to be painted on five windows of the cathedral, and humbly offered them to appease the wrath of an insulted God.

As we came out on the steps of the cathedral one of us said that there must be a monument or other memorial of the event on the place where it had occurred, though we could find no mention of it in any guide-book. A pleasant-looking woman standing near us overheard the remark and said promptly:

"Permit me, Madame. You will find a church built on the site of the event, in which the Host is elevated every day from sunrise to sunset, in token of the Divine forgiveness of the sacrilege."

She walked down the street with us, suggesting other interesting old houses in Brussels not known to Baedeker or to Cook tourists. Presently one of us said that we intended to go to the Rue d' Isabelle in search of the *pensionnat* of M. Hegér in which Charlotte Brontë had taught, and which she had made immortal in Villette.

Our guide hesitated, coloring a little, and then she said gayly: "No one can show you that house so well as I. It is conducted now precisely as it was in Miss Brontë's time by my sister. We are the daughters of M. Hegér."

Naturally we gave up the afternoon to her and to the school. What old church could have any associations which would mean as much to us as those of the classrooms and the dusky garden paths in which the poor little English girl wore out the best years of her life, in the futile passion which she afterward shrieked out for the whole world to hear?

Our guide, Madame P., was the youngest of the Hegér children, the "Georgette" whom Charlotte describes in Villette as an "affectionate, lisping petite," and for whom she really seems to have felt the natural, wholesome affection that every woman has for an innocent child. You will remember how very little there was in Charlotte Brontë's nature that was wholesome or natural.

"Georgette" had married a man of means and influence. The Hegér family, I found, had long held a well-established and honorable position in Brussels. Their standing among their fellow-citizens was not affected by the *esclandre* which followed their connection with Miss Brontë, and which made them the subject of the world's gossip.

M. Hegér was an able, excitable man of keen insight, who threw himself with fiery enthusiasm and passionate belief into one hobby after another. His hobbies were, as a rule, high and pure in purpose, but usually wholly impracticable. He was—we found—still living and still exercised a supervision over the school controlled by his daughter. Many of the girls trained in this school were of high rank. Among them had been one of the royal princesses of Belgium. She was a classmate of one of M. Hegér's daughters, and the two girls contracted a close friendship for each other which lasted into middle life. They kept up a close correspondence for many years, in which the Princess wrote freely to her friend of her most private affairs.

Mademoiselle Hegér died suddenly.

"Before night," said her sister, "my papa made a package of all of the Princess' letters, folded it in a white paper, sealed it with white wax, and sent it to her Highness. He would not allow her to spend a single night in doubt and anxiety about them."

The Hegérs, in fact, appeared to be people who would promptly do the delicate and honorable thing in any such domestic crisis.

Their feeling toward Charlotte was naturally extremely bitter. She had undoubtedly received constant and great kindness from their mother, and in return had held her up as "Madame Beck," to the contempt of the world.

Madame P. was apparently not sorry that she had the opportunity to tell the true story of Charlotte Brontë to Americans. She offered her attentions and hospitality to us with a cordial and charming grace, welcomed us to her own home and took us to the *pensionnat* with which Villette has made the world familiar.

We found the classrooms unchanged; we sat on the very chair in which Lucy Snowe describes herself at work, now taming the huge, lazy Belgian girls by her dumb heats of fury, now skillfully warding off her lover's outbursts of passion—frenzies of rage to-day and of love to-morrow.

The following account of Charlotte Brontë's connection with the *pensionnat* and the Hegér family was given to me by Madame P. It is that which is believed now in Brussels. I see no reason to doubt

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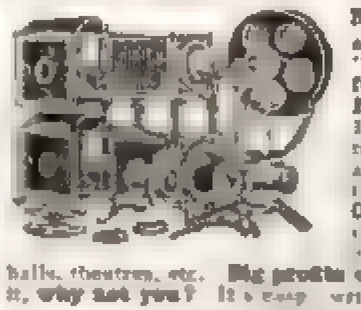

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it, although it differs in some particulars from the statement of Mrs. Gaskell in her biography.

It is as follows: Emily Brontë entered the school as a pupil, but Charlotte as a nursery-governess. Their means were so limited that this was the only way in which they could carry out their wish to spend six months in a school where French was spoken, in order that they might acquire the language.

Charlotte was engaged to take care of the Hegér children and to teach them English. But so great was her eagerness to learn French and so marvelous the ability which she showed, that Madame Hegér's sympathy was aroused for the poor little English woman, and she arranged that she should be partially relieved of her duties as nursery-maid and should receive lessons from M. Hegér himself. This kindly plan was carried out by Madame Hegér at the sacrifice of her own interests and at no little daily inconvenience.

This Belgian schoolmistress, about whom there raged so long a whirlwind of gossip, seems to have been, simply, an able, shrewd but generous woman, quite capable of sacrificing her own plans and comfort for a needy English girl, but not at all likely to permit the English girl to impose upon her in the smallest degree.

Madame P.'s statement of their relations, as you see, corresponds exactly with Charlotte's own account of Lucy Snowe's position in Madame Beck's household. She tells us that she began as a nursery-maid, was promoted to the position of scholar, and, later, of teacher.

She gives us the history of the love which grew up between the fiery little professor and his cold, sickly English pupil. There is no more real love story in our literature. We know, as we read, that it is the history of an actual occurrence; that somewhere this half-starved, anæmic, ugly girl did meet this brilliant, ill-tempered little man and poured out on him all the hoarded, fierce passion of her life.

The account given in Brussels is that the infatuation of the little English teacher for M. Hegér was soon apparent to all the school and was not long concealed from his wife. Charlotte Brontë was suddenly summoned home by the death of her aunt. It had long been her intention to open a school in England; her father was becoming blind, her brother was almost uncontrollable from drink. Every circumstance and condition of her life made it necessary for her to remain in England. But she chose to turn her back on all home-duties and to return to Brussels, where she was offered a salary of only sixteen pounds per annum, refusing one of fifty pounds in England.

Her English biographers give no reason for this choice, but the French accounts bluntly ascribe it to her mad devotion to her master, M. Hegér. She remained in the school despite the cold discouragement of Madame Hegér. She was at last dismissed by her and sent back to England. From thence she constantly wrote passionate letters to M. Hegér.

Madame P. assured me that her father had preserved these letters until within a few weeks of my visit to Brussels. Their literary value made him unwilling to destroy them. Both he and his wife apparently had laughed at the mad infatuation of the "English Mees—no longer young—and oh, so ugly! So *gauche!*"

Poor Charlotte!

The recital of the little incidents of her daily life in the Rue d' Isabelle soon made her a very real person to me. It was plain that the lean, silent little woman had burning in her that mysterious flame of genius which probably nobody about her recognized but M. Hegér. Apart from that, she was precisely what the daughter of a prejudiced, poor clergyman would be, brought up on a lonely moor, ignorant of the every-day world and of social life, prejudiced, bigoted, and totally lacking in that most wholesome quality in any woman or man—commonsense. Whatever was in the world outside of Haworth was in her opinion ignoble and contemptible. The worship and doctrines of the great Roman and Greek churches were dismissed as "silly" by this bumptious little person. The Belgian nation was swept aside contemptuously as "nothing." In fact, the whole outside world counted as nothing to this self-centred English woman.

The key to Charlotte Brontë's whole life, the one dominant motive that urged her on year after year, was a hunger to be loved. The desire to find her fellow-soul—her mate—which is a tender, obscure impulse in the character of most women, was fierce as the clutching of starvation in Charlotte. It is the one *motif* of her writing. In the time when, as a child, she was in love with the son of a neighboring Yorkshire farmer whose brutality and virile coarseness she has immortalized in Rochester, in the days of her infatuation with the mild, blue-eyed young doctor whom she painted as St. John, to the years spent in the little chamber where for years Madame Beck's protégé looked with despair at her homely face in the dingy mirror, and worshiped Paul Emanuel, she was torn by the same hunger to be loved—to be loved and wooed like fairer women.

Near the end of her life this unsatisfied passion drove her to marry a man whom she had once held up to ridicule in print, jeering at his commonplace stupidity. A good, worthy soul, who loved and tended her faithfully, but who was no more akin to her than is the tallow of the candle to the flame which it feeds.

When Miss Brontë returned to England she began at once to write and to put her own history and passions into print for the whole world to see. The Professor was a sketch of M. Hegér, which she afterward enlarged in the Paul Emanuel of Villette. This later book was, in fact, so accurate a description of her own life in the *pensionnat* that it drew the attention of the whole reading world to the little school in Brussels. Poor Madame Hegér, to her amazement, was held up to universal scorn and contempt.

Her daughter, one day, led me up to the portrait of a middle-aged woman with a face full of kind, noble meanings.

"That is Maman," she said. "Is *she* Madame Beck?"

Villette, in which Charlotte Brontë laid bare her heart to the public, and took deliberate revenge on the wife of the man whom she loved, was undoubtedly a work of genius. But surely the exposure and the revenge were ignoble and paltry.

The novel, I learned in Brussels, produced great excitement in that community when it appeared—not because the grave conventional burghers gave a moment's thought to Charlotte, her woes, or her brilliant powers, but because the book asserted that flirtations with outside lovers were possible to the *jeunes demoiselles* in the Hegér *pensionnat*, and that audacious gallants could smuggle love-letters to their daughters under the very nose of Madame Hegér. The school tottered to its foundations. But I was told "it was too securely grounded in the confidence of the court and gentry to fall. A paper was drawn up by many of the noble women in Belgium who had been educated by Madame Hegér, testifying to their profound confidence and faith in her and in her institution."

The public were shown that it was a sheer impossibility to convey a billet-doux from the outside into the garden, and then Charlotte was dismissed as a malicious little gossip, and Brussels promptly forgot her and—her book.

It seemed to me that M. Hegér, at that time a man of eighty, had a certain gratification in his notoriety. He was satisfied that England never had produced a woman of genius so great as that of his protégé, and he was equally confident that he alone had discovered the mystic fire in her, and had nursed it to life. Whatever Charlotte Brontë had given to the world was, in his belief, due to M. Hegér.

While I was in Brussels he was passing through the Rue d' Isabelle one dark night and ran into a group of English tourists, who were gazing anxiously at the walls of the *pensionnat*, discussing eagerly the story of Villette and its hero. "Was he lost when the ship went down?" they asked, arguing the matter to and fro.

M. Hegér climbed unseen to the top of the steps which lead down to the street. Then he turned, facing them in the darkness, and flashing his lantern on his face cried: "Behold! I am Paul Emanuel!"—and vanished, chuckling, into the night.

It was precisely a thing which Lucy Snowe's vain, hot-tempered little lover would have done.

M. Hegér died soon afterward.

We may condemn Charlotte Brontë as weak and underbred when she laid bare her passion to the world and painted for us the human, chivalric little man whom she loved. But what would we have lost if she had not done it! Surely the world is a better world because Paul Emanuel is in it!

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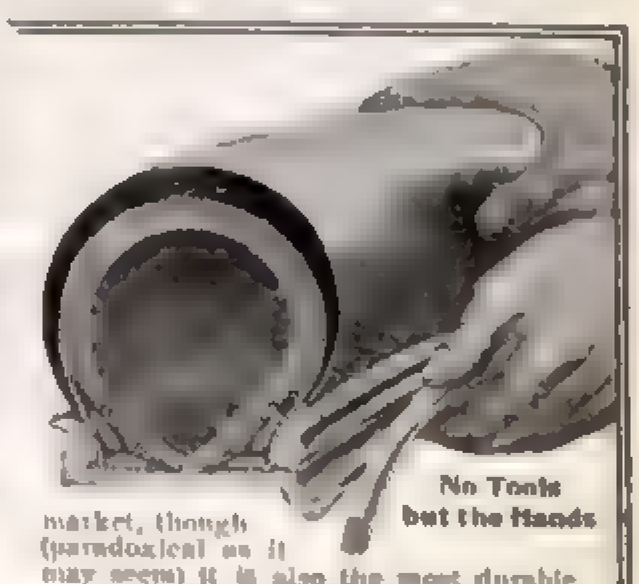

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Defending an Actress

MISS FAY DAVIS is the possessor of a puritanical sense of propriety, an inheritance from a long line of New England ancestors; and, though she has also an instinctive sense of humor which for the most part acts as a saving grace, she was not above being very much annoyed, of late, when it was reported that she was secretly married.

She very promptly traced the report back to its source.

In a general conversation, it appeared, some one had said that he had seen her kiss a man good-by at the Grand Central Station. Now, gossip is nowhere more deadly than in the world of player folk, and an English friend of hers rose to the occasion with the best-intentioned gallantry. He said that to his personal knowledge the man was her husband. Miss Davis is now praying to be saved from her friends. As it happened, the man was her brother.

Getting "On" to Barrie

IN HIS later manner, as the literary critics would call it, J. M. Barrie, while unfailingly popular in England, has proved a sad trial to our American vanity as a nation of humorists. His fun is so much a matter of personal whim, not to say idiosyncrasy, as to elude most people who are not professed and practiced Barrieites. The Admirable Crichton was scarcely a success, in spite of Mr. Gillette's popularity, and Little Mary, his comedy centring in the human stomach—Sentimental Tummy one critic called it—was a flat failure here, though it ran for months in London and to crowded houses. Peter Pan, in which Maude Adams is appearing, is undoubtedly successful, but is, nevertheless, a sore trial to many a steady-going man in the street.

A well-known theatrical manager lately overheard two noted race-track sports trying to decide on a play for the evening over their dinner at Delmonico's.

One was for Miss Adams and the new Barrie play, and the other was for almost anything else. Finally the non-Barrieite concluded:

"I'll make you a sporting proposition: You go to the play, and I'll go to Kid McCoy's. At the end of the first act, join me there. If you're 'on,' I'll go in and sit through the play. If you're not 'on,' the seats and the supper will be on you."

Frohman as Barrie Enthusiast

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN was as anxious over the fate of Peter Pan as was Miss Adams. To the theatrical world he is the Napoleon of the drama—a man of limitless ambition, and an iron nerve in achieving it. Personally, however, he is retiring to the point of shyness. He has almost never been known to appear on a first night, and is seldom in the audience at any time. But to his friends, whom he might number on his fingers, he is very human and sympathetic.

It was Miss Adams' success in The Little Minister that laid the cornerstone of his fortune, and her fate in Peter Pan meant to him something that cannot be measured in the receipts of the box-office. He had seen Barrie's Little Mary fail disastrously, and his Admirable Crichton floated into a dubious vogue by Mr. Gillette's personal popularity for, with all our pride in our American sense of humor, we are far behind London in appreciating the finer and more intellectual shadings of nonsense. But Mr. Frohman liked Peter Pan—he thoroughly believed in fairies—and his whole heart was in its success.

In the anxious days before the first Broadway performance, Miss Fay Davis asked him what the play was like. As she is playing in Bernard Shaw's Man and Superman, she is unable to go to the performance, and will probably never see it; but she is very fond of Barrie and, of course, intensely interested in Miss Adams. Mr. Frohman, full of hope and fear, sat down and told her, scene by scene, all that is said and done in all of the five acts. He has a strong sense for acting, as all whom he has rehearsed bear witness, and he mimicked the various performances marvelously, even to the fairy, Tinker—which must have been very amusing, for Mr. Frohman, who is very short and very round, is as little like a fairy as possible. His account of the play was so vivid and minute, Miss Davis says, that she will always feel as if she had seen it act by act and heard it line by line.

A Chorus Girl Who Read Buckle

THEATRICAL life is not quite so democratic as the public sometimes imagines. No smart set can be more exclusive than the principals of some companies in their deportment toward the support. A young woman who had an ambition to act managed to get a small part by means of her social connections, and joined the company incognito. The play treated theatrical life, and one of the scenes represented a rehearsal in progress. The aspiring young actress was a chorus girl. During the long waits she used to take refuge in the dark seclusion of a box and read by the light from the stage. Here she was discovered by Miss Millie James, who had the leading part. Miss James fell into affable conversation, and took up the book. It was Buckle's History of Civilization.

"Fancy!" she exclaimed. "A chorus girl reading a book with a title like that!"

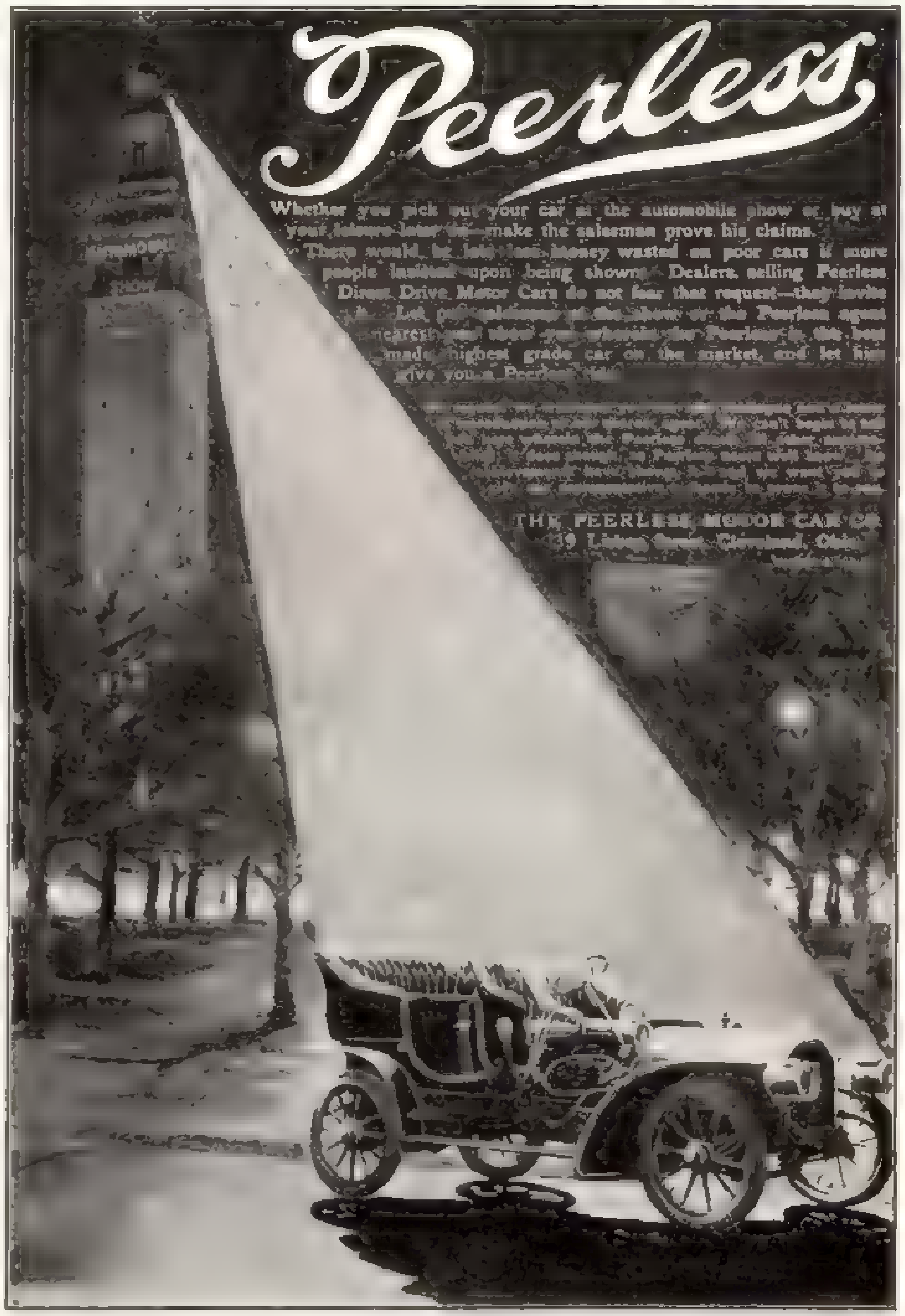
As it turned out, Miss James' surprise was quite justified. At the end of four long-suffering weeks the young woman who read Buckle's History of Civilization no longer fancied being a chorus girl, and slipped back into private life.

Author and Manager at Rehearsal

IT IS one of the theatrical traditions that stage managers are distinguished for their manners, temper and language—all of them being bad. But the past decade, which has brought a marked advance in the literary quality of our theatric output, has placed the author above the old stage manager, and thus abolished the reign of terror. For men of intelligence know that anger and hysteria do not normally produce good art.

David Belasco, who in his curtain speeches breathes rage and defiance against his enemies of the theatrical syndicate, is benignity itself to his actors. For the most part he sits in one of the front rows of the orchestra, and says what he has to say in a still, small voice. He has been known to drill his scene-shifters, electrician and actors twenty-six hours on a stretch, rehearsing the smallest detail in the lighting or the least word in the dialogue, without once lifting or quickening his voice. The result is that, as regards the externals of stage management, his productions have set a new standard of excellence.

Augustus Thomas sits back in the auditorium to get a fairer perspective on the stage picture, but rather than lift his voice uses a megaphone. Being a wit, he mingles his criticisms with pleasantry that seldom, however, verges upon satire, and if it does is of the mildest and most amiable character. And this in spite of the fact that in private life, when he is aroused, he has a fighting temper. Clyde Fitch sits at a kitchen table among his actors and smokes a cigarette. Much of the effect of his scenes depends upon the minutiæ of intonation and deportment, and when the actors fail of the precise effect he himself represents it for them. In almost any of his pieces those who have seen him at



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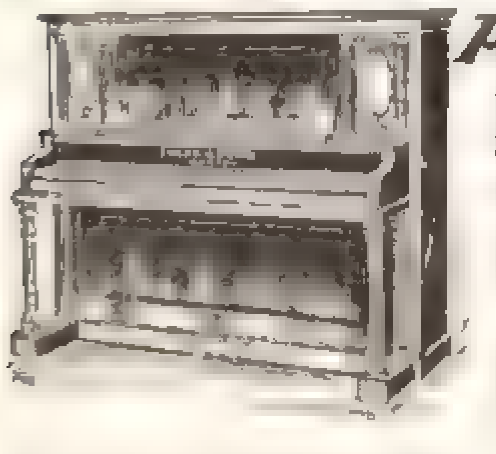

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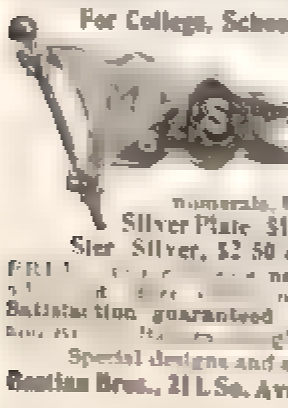

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rehearsal can catch in what his actors do the precise quality of his voice and manner. He is more vivacious than Mr. Thomas, and as unfailingly sympathetic.

It is the general opinion of the people Mr. Fitch has rehearsed that, if he had chosen, he might have been as distinguished as a character actor as he is as an author. When Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott produced The Cowboy and the Lady they had trouble in finding an actor for a small part which required a single burst of excited eloquence. Mr. Fitch acted it so much better than any one else that Mr. Goodwin urged him to appear in the part, and Mr. Charles Frohman gave his hearty consent. But Mr. Fitch, very wisely no doubt, stuck to his last.

Mr. Frohman himself is patient at rehearsals, much more so than many of the managers he employs, and has vivid histrionic abilities. As he is very short and fat, with a big round head flat on his shoulders, he makes an amusing appearance when, as frequently happens, he shows his leading ladies how they should conduct themselves. But one and all they have a profound respect for his judgment and admiration for his good humor.

A Rising American Dramatist

CHARLES KLEIN has long been known as an able adapter and dramatizer, but he owes his recent opportunities as an original dramatist to his association with David Belasco. It is he who has given David Warfield both of the plays by means of which he has so suddenly gained his high place as a legitimate actor—The Auctioneer and The Music Master. These pieces Mr. Klein modestly describes as "vehicles"; but this year he has come forth with a play that stands on its own feet.

He strongly believes that contemporary American life offers one of the most fruitful fields for the dramatist in the modern world, and that its most characteristic and dramatic phases centre in politics and in business. The Lion and the Mouse is the result of this conviction. The central figure is a captain of industry who has many traits in common with Rockefeller and Rogers, and the heroine is the author of a book in which the character of the great financier is searchingly described. Some one has suggested that the original of the heroine is Miss Ida Tarbell, though the similarity is not strong.

The great scenes of the play are those in which the heroine beards the financial lion in his den, in order to save her father from undeserved ruin and disgrace. The machinery of the play has been called melodramatic, but both the central situation and the characters exert a powerful spell on the audience, and have carried it to striking success in Boston as well as in New York.

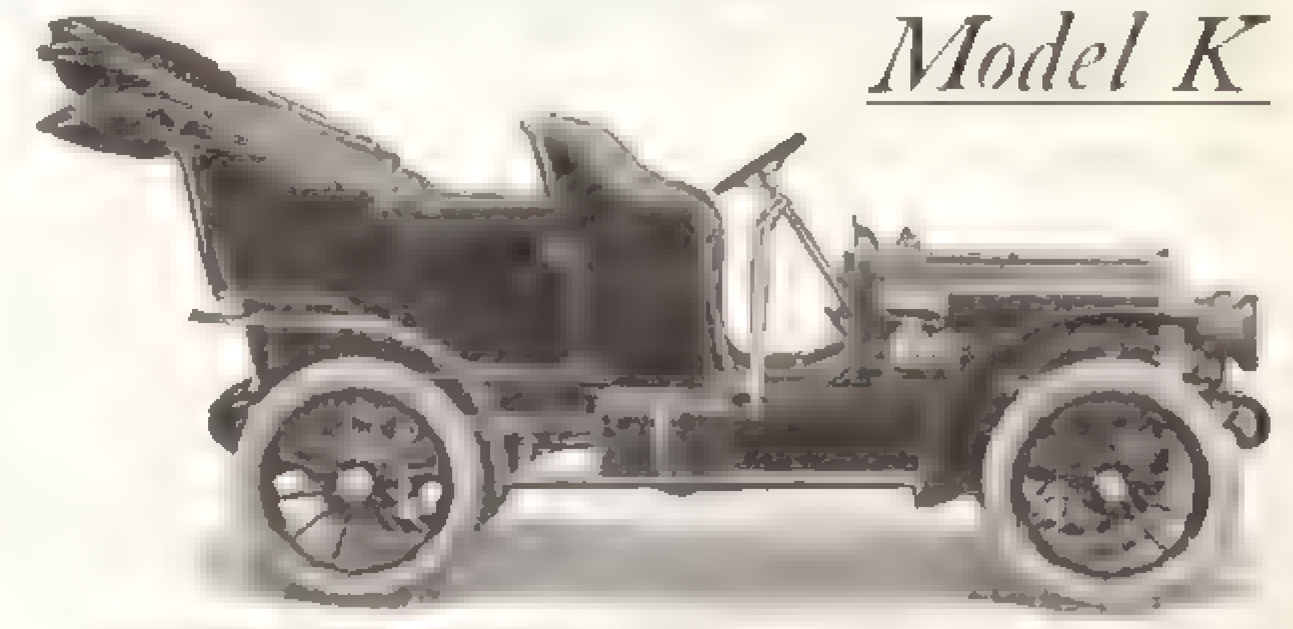
Ten-Twenty-Thirty Music

CHARLES FROHMAN has the reputation among the actors he has rehearsed as being a very able stage manager; but the fact remains that, in comparison with the productions of Clyde Fitch and David Belasco, each of whom in his way is an original and creative artist, Mr. Frohman's productions have not always shone. A playgoer whose curiosity extends to the world behind the footlights has been trying for some time to find out the exact nature of his abilities. The actors all admit that he has little command of language, and that when he attempts to show what he means in action he makes a rather amusing figure; but still they insist that his ideas are good, and that by hook or by crook he makes them understood.

Some light was thrown on the dark question of late by an anecdote told by one of the Frohman stars. A certain scene called for soft music, and the orchestra insisted on playing it too softly. Mr. Frohman repeatedly called on the leader, Mr. Furst, to play louder. Finally he exclaimed: "I tell you, you've got to play that music *forte!*" Mr. Furst objected that to play it *forte* would drown out every word the actors were saying. But Mr. Frohman persisted, and so the band let itself loose. Not a word of the text could be heard. Mr. Frohman rushed to the footlights and commanded silence.

"Not that kind of *forte!*" he exclaimed, with a commanding gesture. "All I want is ten-twenty-thirty *forte.*"

The reference, of course, was to the ten-twenty-thirty theatres, which are the lowest known to the profession.



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But you [illegible] *that* [illegible]
And [illegible] cars were [illegible] with [illegible]
Well [illegible]
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When only *two* people are seated in a two-seated Car, the regular springs are too *stiff* to [illegible]

[illegible] "quicker" (more responsive [illegible] *springs*) take up the jar *before* the [illegible] springs have had *time* to act.

And that, too, wears out the Tires by making them do *spring-work*, [illegible] *work* and the obstru[illegible] which should be their sole duty, if they would retain long-life.

* * *

Now, the Winton Twin-springs are really two sets in one.

With light loads, and smooth-running, only one set of the Twin *single* springs comes into play.

This set is more supple, more responsive to *slight* jars, and ordinary vibrations, than even the Pneumatic Tires are.

So, *they* take up two-thirds of the vibration and jar *before* the Tires are called upon to do it.

In this way they *anticipate* Tire-work on the largest part of that *springing* which cracks, breaks, deflates and wears out Pneumatic Tires.

And, when the Winton Model K Car is *fully-loaded*, or when it runs at high speed over rough roads even lightly-loaded, this is what happens—

The leaves of the light primary set of springs then sag down and *rest on the second or auxiliary set of leaves*, which are [illegible]

* * *

Consider the Result, Mr. Motorist.

The two sets of springs (leaves) then *work together*, as one heavy set would; giving *twice* the strength *when that is needed*, and twice the *responsiveness* when the extra strength is *not* needed.

This adjustment to light loads or heavy loads [illegible] as the Winton [illegible] which gives you [illegible] 4 miles an hour and [illegible] pressure [illegible]

Without the Tire-*saving* effect of the patented Winton Twin-springs, a [illegible] of Giant Tires like those on the Winton Model K might prove an expensive luxury on any Car not equipped with Twin-Springs.

— Four Cylinder Vertical Motor.
— [illegible]
— [illegible]
— New [illegible]
— [illegible] dashing [illegible]

[illegible] $2,500 and only one Model made this season.

Our book, "The Motor Car Dissected," tells the reasons. Write for a copy to—

The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. M, Cleveland, Ohio.

Santa Fe
All the Way

His Grace the Duke *of* Sutherland is quoted as saying *of* the

Grand Canyon *of* Arizona

"The perfect service at El Tovar hotel astonished me."

Take the luxurious California Limited and stop off to visit Grand Canyon. For descriptive booklets, address Passenger Dept., A. T. & S. F. Ry. System, Railway Exch ge, Chicago

Sense and Nonsense

That Long-Distance Telephone

I

FAR WEST HOTEL, N. D.,
December 10, 1905.

Dear Helen :

Tuesday next will be your birthday. It is three months since we have heard each other's voices. On Tuesday at 10 A. M. (noon with you in Connecticut) I am going to call you up. Be ready to run into Ed Blake's as soon as he calls you. I wish you had a 'phone and then you'd be spared a half-mile walk—so would he. Perhaps you'd better go to Ed's and wait for me to call you up.

It would be like home to hear your voice. Never mind the expense; this is my treat.

No more now as my man is coming to see me and I must go to the sample room.

Your loving husband, TOM.

II

The letter of Thomas to Helen goes as far as Ohio and is then destroyed in a train wreck, so Helen does not know what is expected of her on her birthday. She wonders why she gets no letter and becomes apprehensive.

III

It is Helen's birthday. It is also snowing hard.

Helen is nursing a cold and is wondering why she has not heard from Tom.

Through the blinding snow comes Ed Blake on horseback, at a gallop.

Her heart sinks. Tom is injured or something.

"Can you get up behind me? Tom wants to talk to you from North Dakota. Think of that!"

"Not really! Oh, he must be sick. Can they talk that far?"

"Hurry, Helen! He is waiting at the other end hundreds of miles away."

"Just think of it! I've got an awful cold, but I would go ten miles to hear Tom's voice, dear man."

"Wrap up warmly and ride the horse yourself. I'll follow on foot; it's down to zero."

IV

Tom in a stifling hot telephone booth is waiting for Helen.

"She evidently didn't take my advice and go to Ed's. Awkward waiting.

"Hello, Central, got my wife?"

Central (flippantly): "No, lost her?"

"Say, young woman, don't get gay! I want 4 B, Wallingford, Connecticut, and I want it quick."

"They don't answer. I'll ring you up."

Thomas reels out into fresher air and waits around for a quarter of an hour.

"Hope it's mild weather at home. Won't Helen be pleased to hear me talk to her on her birthday!"

Telephone bell rings; Tom jumps into the booth, closes the door and prepares to suffocate once more.

"Hello! That you, Helen? Helen, it's Tom."

"Who are you? This is Watson & Jones."

"Oh, Central, ring them off! I want my wife, Helen Anderson, 4 B, Wallingford."

V

Helen, exhausted from her exposure, manages to grasp the receiver in her numb fingers and says: "Is that you, Tom?"

(Voice): "He expected them to dinner and they didn't come on account of the snow."

(Another voice): "Oh, what a shame. Bella's got a cold and Sam's chilblains are awful."

Helen: "Central, give me my husband!"

"Who's your husband?"

"Thomas Anderson."

"I haven't got him."

"No, no, I know it. Oh, I'm half sick. He's talking to me out in Dakota."

"No, he isn't. He got disgusted and quit ten minutes ago."

"Was he well?"

"What he said didn't *sound* very well. Oh, here he is. Here's your wife, Dakota."

VI

"That you, Helen? Happy birthday."

"Oh, Tom, how husky you are. What's happened?"

"Are you well? Happy birthday!"

"Tom, I've come here in a blizzard. Tell me you're well!"

"Why, you ought to have known better than to come out on such a day as that."

"What?"

"That."

"What?"

"*That*, that *day*, *Blizzard*. Say, Helen, I am roasting to death in this box. You ask the Blakes to put you up for the night and don't you go out again in such stormy weather. Awful risk."

"But why did you call me up? What did you want to say that couldn't have been written?"

"Wanted to wish you a happy birthday. Haven't you any sentiment?"

"Not when it costs a dollar a word. Good-by."

"Good-by. Plaguy long time before I call you up again. D —— n a telephone, anyhow."

(Rings off.) —*Charles Battell Loomis.*

Rondeau Redouble

Say! what d'yer t'ink I've been an' gone an' done?
I've fixed meself fer keeps, I guess, all right.
I heard dat two could live as cheap as one,
An' Mame got wise to dat de oder night.

Pal, wus it easy? Say! it wus a fright!
I don't exactly know how I begun;
I says to her, though—an' turned down de light—
"Say! what d'yer t'ink I've been an' gone an' done?

"I bought a ring. Let's try it on, fer fun."
We done so, an' it fit a little tight.
Says Mame, "Oh, gee! my finger's a'most skun.
I've fixed meself fer keeps, I guess, all right."

"Why not?" says I. "I'm willin'; honor bright!
I guess dere's some way I kin raise de mon."
An' Mame, she gurgles, "Well, maybe we might.
I heard dat two could live as cheap as one."

When she says dat me nut it sorter spun.
I somehow couldn't reerlize it quite.
Dere's times, dough, when a guy can't back nor run.
Well, Mame got wise to dat de oder night.

Say, Pal! dat goil is simply out o' sight.
Of all de bunch I know she takes de bun.
But den—two mout's wit' but a single bite!
Dat rosy prospeck doesn't cheer me none.
Say! what d'yer t'ink?

—*Kennett Harris.*

A Lesson in Agony

ROSE WATKINS, considered by Edwin Booth one of the best Juliets who had ever played in his support, made her début with Charlotte Cushman's company. Amy Lee, Mrs. Watkins' daughter, tells this story of her mother's first appearance:

"I think the play was Jane Shore. My mother was obliged to rush upon the stage and, at the sight of Miss Cushman, start back with a cry of terror. On the first night she was so overcome with stage-fright that she couldn't utter a sound. The scene was a flat failure. But, contrary to her expectation, she was not dismissed.

"'You will do all right to-morrow night, Rose,' said the star.

"When, on the following evening, mother made her entrance, Miss Cushman caught her by the wrist and jabbed a hat pin clear through her arm. Naturally—very naturally—mother let out a blood-curdling shriek. The scene was a tremendous success.

"'Very good,' commented Miss Cushman, after the curtain calls. 'Now you are in a fair way to become a great actress.'"

Sentiment Subject to Change

IN THE recent political fight in Philadelphia the reform organization in one division enlisted half a dozen negroes as workers. One of the men was particularly zealous, but it was suspected that he was prepared to dispose of his vote to the side which bid higher.

"Well," said a reform leader to the negro the day after the Machine had held a parade, "I saw you in line last night."

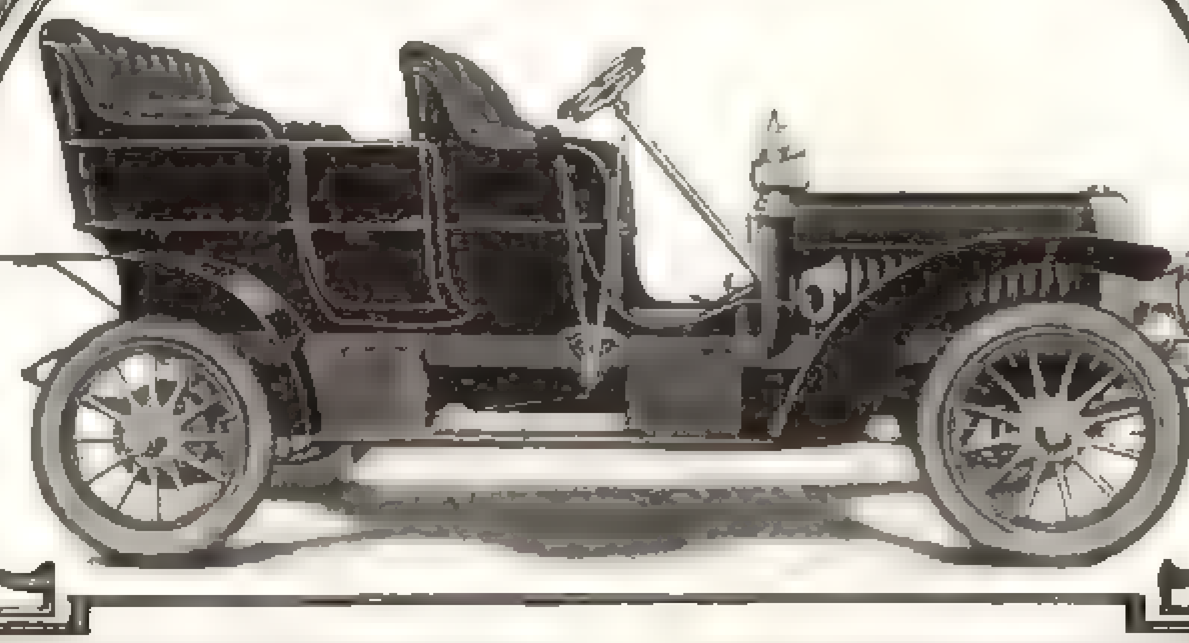
"Yas, sah, yas, sah," replied the negro sheepishly. "Ah needed de money, sah."

"Do I understand that your political sentiments are subject to change?"

"Wall, sah," said the darky, "a little change cuts a po'erfu' figger with my sentiments on election day—yas, sah."

1906 Rambler

Model 15, Price, $2,500



A high power car with a four cylinder motor, 35-40 horse power, sliding gear transmission and all modern features, but simplified to the practical service of non-professional operators.

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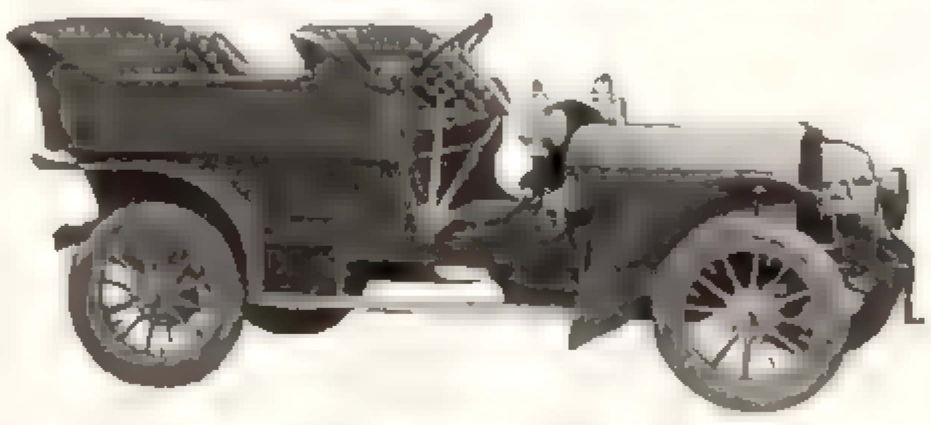
HAYNES



Model R — Four-Cylinder Touring Car

Vertical roller bearing engines. Cylinders cast separately, 5½ x 6 inches, 50 H. P. An exclusive transmission that [illegible] prevents stripping of gears. Positive cooling system. [illegible] Master clutch [illegible] Weight, [illegible] pounds. Price $3,500, f. o. b. Kokomo. Full equipment.

The Exclusive Haynes Transmission

If an automobile weighing 2,750 pounds, plus the weight of five passengers, is dropped over a sheer embankment of 7 feet, the machinery will receive a shock of just the same severity as if suddenly checked by shifting from high speed gear at 30 miles per hour to middle speed gear at 15 miles per hour. In the latter case the engine must act as a brake, and the entire machine is severely strained. With the Haynes transmission, this cannot occur. A ratchet and pawl device permits the car to coast until the speed of the car and engine are relatively equal, when the pawls engage and the engines take up the "load." While making the change in speed from high to middle or from high to low, the gears are running idle, permitting the operator to shift with perfect ease and without danger of burring or stripping the gears. With all forms of transmission except the Haynes, the shock of sudden change of gears may be, and frequently is, thrown upon the machine, a thing impossible in the Haynes car and one of the reasons why Haynes cars are so long lived and cost so little for repairs and up-keep

This is but one of the exclusive features of the Haynes. Others are its Roller-Bearing Engines, Master Clutch, Universal Joints that do away with wear on pins, Driving Sprocket and Roller Pinion, etc. There is perfect harmony throughout its entire mechanism, which makes its cost of operation, up-keep and maintenance extremely low.

It is perfectly finished in all respects. Only the best of tested materials are used. Body is of cast aluminum and wood, designed by a leading Parisian body maker. Hand-buffed leather and gray curled hair are used in upholstering. Other exclusive features are given in our new catalogue. For prompt attention address Desk 35.

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Members A. L. A. M.

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–the Latest

The New Sewing Machine

Every woman who sews will be interested in the introduction of a machine that is absolutely NEW—the **Volo**. New not only in name but new in all its distinctive features—in the unusually wide range of work it does and the wonderful way it performs it.

The **Volo** does all work perfectly, whether sewing the heaviest cloth or stitching the most delicate fabric and with ease and noiselessness of operation that will astonish any woman accustomed to other machines. So simple, so strongly constructed that troubles or repairs are unknown. Beautifully finished in rich quarter-oak, [illegible] polished. Though unquestionably superior to any other machine, the **Volo** sells for $10, a saving of a third.

To learn, detail for detail, of its many advantages, read our Volo booklet fully describing this remarkable machine. Mailed free

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY,
St. Louis and
New York.

A Morning Call

(Continued from Page 4)

"No-o, I'm not useful at all—only ornamental."

"You're that, all right," declared Mrs. Grayson with enthusiasm. "Pretty as you are, and a good sort, too, I don't see why you're not a broker's bride."

The hostess accepted the compliment and a plate of salad simultaneously. "Only a moment ago you were advising me to stick to single blessedness and leave married cussedness alone."

The girl glanced at her companion and laughed shrewdly. "Well, I meant both," she said enigmatically, "and I hope you'll be lucky whatever you do. I like you. Here's your buzz-water, and here's mine. I drink to my hostess—her very excellent health, with the sincere thanks and appreciation of hers truly—Mrs. Grayson, of Nowhere."

Miss Warren bowed and smiled. "To my esteemed and self-invited guest—since finding this kind all others will be distasteful—here's her very excellent health, her successful flight from tyranny, and the sincere good wishes of hers cordially—Miss Ely, of Miniature Bohemia."

"You talk like a book," smiled the girl.

Miss Warren attacked the salad. "A good one, I hope."

"Good as Bradstreet and—money talks better than anything else. Can I say more?"

"You might ask me if I wanted some chicken."

It was a very agreeable supper they ate in the pantry. The intruder in the black walking-suit forgot her domestic trouble; the girl in blue chiffon forgot her ennui. They were heartily enjoying the unexpected *entr'acte* in the crowded play of their lives. Here was wit for wit, laugh for laugh, shrewd comment and rare philosophy. They might never meet again; it was unlikely that either would ever repeat the story of that night. The episode was unique, beginning out of nothing, leading nowhere—one of those strange detached events of life that suggest so much, leave such a deep impression, and seem to have no connection with the woof and color of one's rational existence.

The cat stretched, sphinx-like, on the table, contemplated the dissimilar companions with unwinking eyes of liquid wisdom, seeming to comprehend the situation and find it matter for serious thought, even for vague unrest, for the tip of an anxious tail twitched time to the quick flow of talk.

Four o'clock tinkled from the clock in the front room. Already night had given place to blue dawn. The rattle of an occasional vehicle echoed in the street. The girl in black raised her eyebrows.

"Four!" she exclaimed. "How the time has bolted! I'll slip now, I think. Everything is quiet. I don't believe he's missed me yet. I'll go down to the Grand Central as if I was due for an early train—then come out as if I'd just arrived by one. I'll have time to find some little hotel before there is much going on. I'm sure, Miss Ely, I'm more than grateful to you—I sha'n't forget any of it, you can bet your paint-box."

Miss Warren nodded. "You don't know how I've enjoyed my evening—or morning, rather. I don't say 'come again,' because it never would be the same, would it? You wouldn't be you if you arrived at the front door, rang for the elevator, and gave your card to the maid."

"Not like me at all," laughed Mrs. Grayson. "I'd have more sense than to do that," she added seriously. "We couldn't have had the lark of it; talked as we have, bluffed and held each other up, if things hadn't—well, just happened. I wouldn't have you find out what a really ordinary sort of a fool I am. No, it's 'Good-by' and 'Heaven bless you' and 'good luck' and '*gesundheit*,' but no '*au revoirs*.'"

"Inartistic things," assented Miss Warren. "But I'm awfully glad I was home when you called."

"I'll get my traps, if you don't mind." Mrs. Grayson rose, drank the last drop in her glass, and turned toward the sitting-room, unsnapped the strap from the black handbag, folded it and slipped it in her pocket. "Don't need that now," she smiled. "It was convenient when negotiating fire-escapes. My revolver, please."

Miss Warren hesitated. "It's been amusing. Suppose we swap. I'm not usually so silly, and yours is the best, I know, and if you don't want to ——"

Pears'

Pears' Soap leaves the skin smooth, cool and healthy. There's no free alkali in Pears'. Only good soap and pure.

Sold here and abroad.

The new heat-imparting **Thermalite Bag**

"Successor to the Hot-Water Bag"

Gives an even, long-continued comforting heat at the right temperature.

THE BAG THAT STORES HEAT

It is made of the very best para rubber and [illegible] a compound that stores heat. [illegible] few minutes [illegible] heat [illegible] after [illegible] you want the heat [illegible] take the stopper out and replace [illegible] the bag will be one hot [illegible] and stay hot for hours.

No getting up at night. No annoyance [illegible]

[illegible] the Thermalite bag is the [illegible]

John Wanamaker says: "There will be a Thermalite bag in every home in the land."

[illegible] sizes. [illegible] quart size $2.

Heat is Life.

Sold by all leading [illegible]. Write for free descriptive book.

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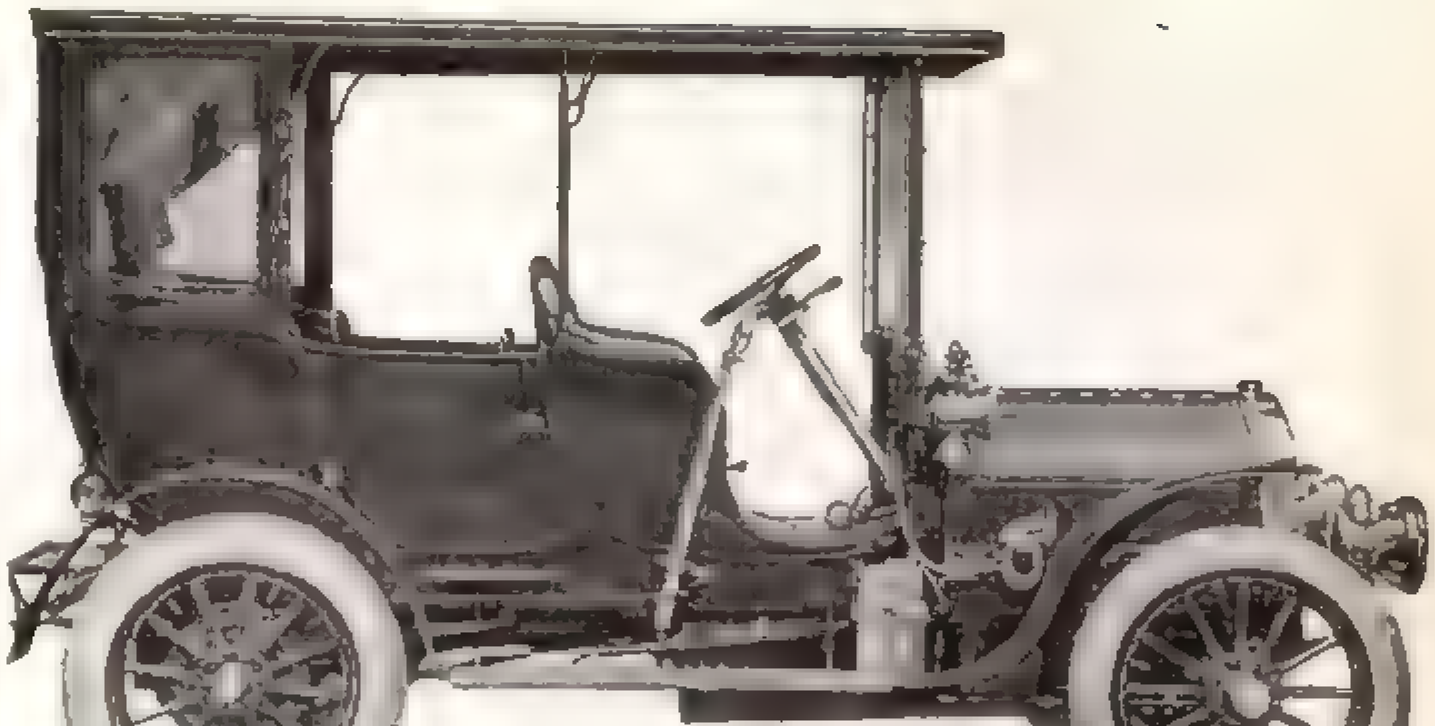
AUTOMOBILE owners, drivers, repairmen, chauffeurs, and others wanted all over the country. 50,000 machines built this year in United States, affording great opportunities for men trained in this coming business. [illegible] will qualify you for good wages in this field in which the demand is such that ability counts ahead of pull and length of service. For full particulars address, The Correspondence School of Automobile Engineering, Suite 1[illegible] Flatiron Bldg., New York City.



This is the Great Arrow Victoria Tonneau 40-45 H. P. with semi-enclosed top. Price, without top, $5,000. Semi-enclosed top, extra, $550. Cape top extra, $200

THE **Pierce Arrow** is an American car—the best American car that has been made—better in proportion to its cost than any imported French car—better for American use, American roads and the American motorist. It offers satisfaction, minimum of expense in running, perfect service, and can be operated by the owner.

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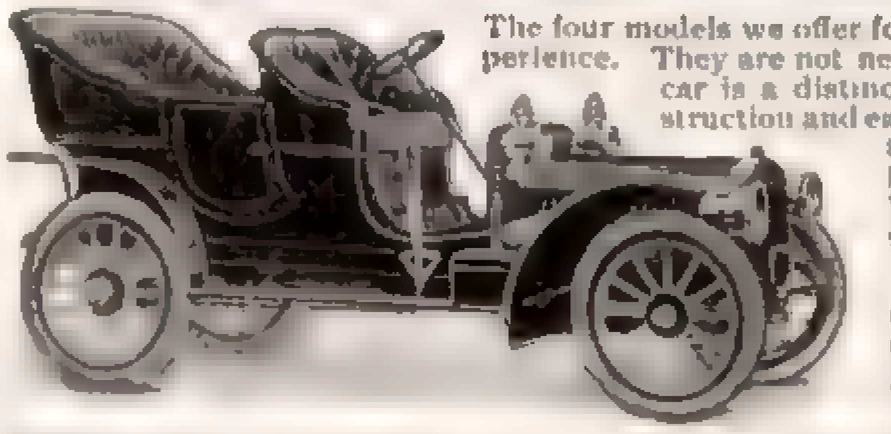

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Clean, ornamental [illegible] Invaluable to [illegible] 50c, black Enameled 35c. [illegible] Agents! Good side line. O'Neil Water Heater Mfg. Co. Dept. F, Peoria, Ill.

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AN ANTISEPTIC

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Your dealer should have it in three [illegible] 25c, [illegible] 50c and household, $1.00. If he can't [illegible] order direct [illegible] size sent prepaid on receipt of price. Send for sample now.

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Please send me a free sample bottle to try and your book

Name
Mr., Mrs. or Miss
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Dealer's name
Address

"Nonsense, here! Swap? Well, rather! You've been a brick to me, and the best sort of an entertainer, too. I'll keep your popgun for luck—and—mine will play you square."

"Good-by," said the hostess, extending her hand.

"Good-by," said the guest, gripping the extended palm.

"If any one meets you in the hall," added Miss Warren, "or says anything, tell them you've been stopping with me, and are off to catch an early train."

The girl smiled irresistibly. "Do you mind telling me the name of the lady I was visiting? That 'Miss Ely' business didn't go down, you know."

"Really—I'd forgotten that. Say Miss Warren, then—and, by the way, Mrs. Grayson, that story of yours about your cruel husband didn't go down, either. I don't want to know what the truth is—I'd rather not—much rather not."

Mrs. Grayson's eyes shifted uneasily, then she laughed. "You're a whited sepulchre," she said "you and your golden hair and baby eyes and pink cheeks—you ought to be a fox-faced ferret—Miss Warren—am I right this time?"

"I'll prove it," the vision in blue remarked, crossing to her escritoire, and, returning, held out an opened envelope, bearing an address, Miss Eleonore Warren. "Read the inclosure," she said; "it may interest you."

In a few formal phrases a celebrated detective agency requested the coöperative services of the addressee.

The girl in black whistled, almost dropped her handbag, and was overcome by a mixture of amusement and wonder. "I'll be hanged!" she cried softly. "You're a female detective! I'll be —— Let me get my breath!"

"I don't like to hurry you," Miss Warren broke in, "but if you are going to be off before the house wakes you'd better move. I hate to lose you, but ——"

Mrs. Grayson put down the bag, walked rapidly to the escritoire, scribbled something on a sheet of paper, folded it and thrust it in an envelope. "There," she said, "read that when I'm gone. Good-by again—and would it be too much to ask—you've been so good to me—I'm not such a bad lot, really, and I—would you let me kiss you good-by?"

"You're a clever woman," said Miss Warren seriously. "Do, for Heaven's sake, use your cleverness to some good end. You can, you know. Kiss me. There! Good luck, poor little girl."

Their lips met. There was an odd look in the dark woman's intelligent eyes as she opened the door and hurried down the faintly-lighted hallway.

Miss Warren sighed as she slipped the bolt. She paused for a moment of introspection, then turned to the writing-desk and tore open the envelope left by her late companion.

> You're the whitest woman that ever lived, and you'll forgive me who will never forget you. J. H. BAILEY,
> Alias "Pipe-Stem Jimmy."

"And I kissed him! I kissed him!" cried Miss Warren, her hands to her flaming cheeks. "And I am glad of it!" she added

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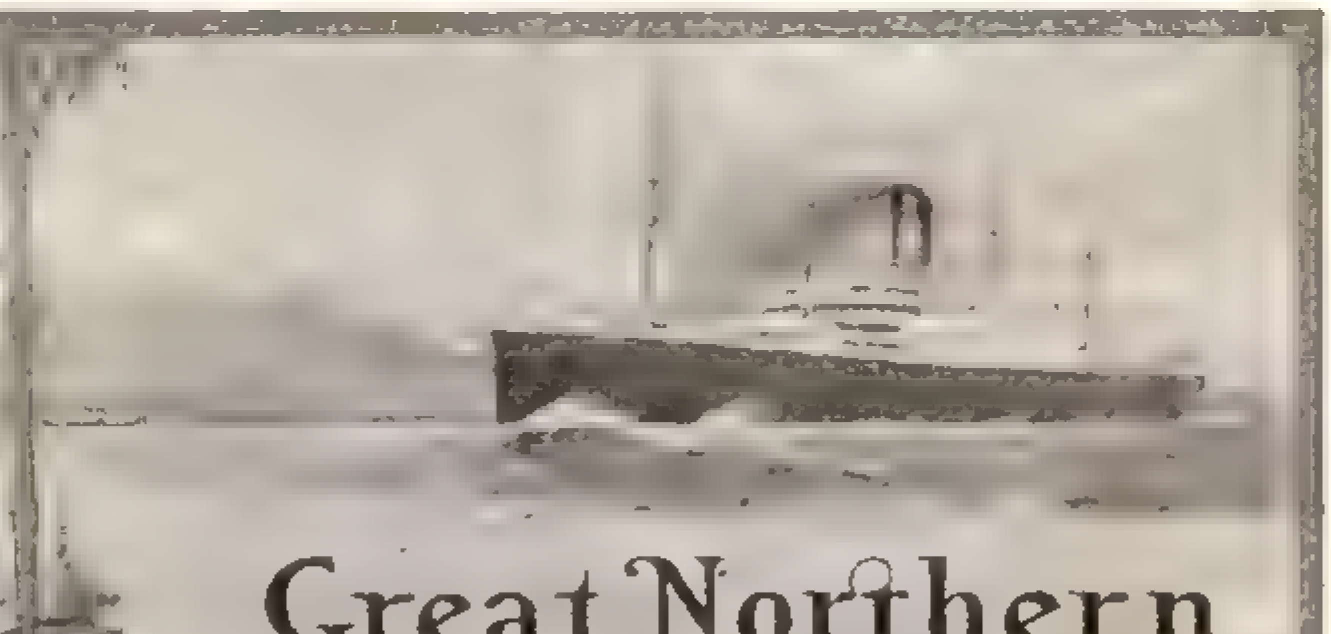

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With the Hands

(Continued from Page 7)

been to back the machine down upon him, engines, tank and tonneau!

Again, there is, commonly, some little dignity in the seat of the chauffeur. There is even a certain amount of potential dignity, statuesque if embittered, in being taken home in tow. But if you are wearing a pink and green sweater and a pair of elephant-sized blue jeans, if you have been turned into something akin to a donkey-man on a loading freighter, and are being addressed in language consonant with that position, there is almost no dignity possible at all. Stickley felt Miss Staneland's presence somewhere about the verandas; but he did not look at her.

As Jimmy Hughes came up to inform him, however, a half-hour later, the thing was working beautifully. They had got the little cistern into place, and were now about to tackle the bigger one. He also warned the donkey-man to go cautiously when on the back tack; there were two innocent young lives down there below him. But he could always run her into a tree if necessary.

They had got that big tank well under way when Miss Elsa again made her appearance in the character of Hebe. This time she was bearing a plate of Astrakhans, and she first directed her steps toward Mr. Stickley. As she approached, her brother's deep-mouthed voice again upraised itself: "Now, then, Willie on the roof, take hold of her! Honk, honk! Hi, give her some speed up there! You're turning Jimmy into a blooming caryatid!" Honk, honk! *Honk!* Jumping Joseph! Cut out the catapult effects! What clutch are you on, anyhow?"

By this time the girl had caught up to the auto; her delight in the situation was undisguised. "Well, how do you like this form of amusement? I tell Har he's missing his chance in not taking over the digging of the Panama Canal!"

"Yes," said Stickley.

"And if you and Mr. Hughes are any good you'll collect your two dollars a day for this!"

"I can't say," said G. Stuyvesant strainedly, "that under ordinary circumstances I should care to put my machine at such work for two dollars a day."

At that she raised her eyes and took another look at him. He was smiling, all right, but it was with an arrangement of the facial lines which was never meant for smiling at all. Her own expression revolutionized immediately — yet not to one of absolute sympathy.

"Why, it isn't very nice, now, is it? Of course, when you're used to Har, and know how thoughtful ——"

"*Honk!* Honk, honk! *Honk, honk, honk, honk, honk, HONK!* Oh-h, dang the luck! Ginger it up, there, ginger it up! We like a man who's hot on his job!"

"I'll go and make him stop this minute!"

"Oh, it's nothing at all!" *Honk, honk!* He jabbed down a lever. "It's merely that I've never been accustomed to speak to any one but servants in that tone, myself."

Though Stickley could not know it, chilling her appreciably as she walked to the brow of the bank was the thought that Hargrave was accustomed to speak only to his equals in that particular tone. But Stickley had his guest-rights — and the voice she sent down the hill was peremptorily emphatic.

"Har!"

"Honk, honk! *Honk, hon-nk!* Ho, Stickley, put more git-up-and-git into it, or we'll pay you off to-night!"

"Har! Har, you — you *idiot!*"

"What? You're interrupting, little girl. Never talk to the man at the wheel! Stickley!" he roared again, "can't you even hear your horn?"

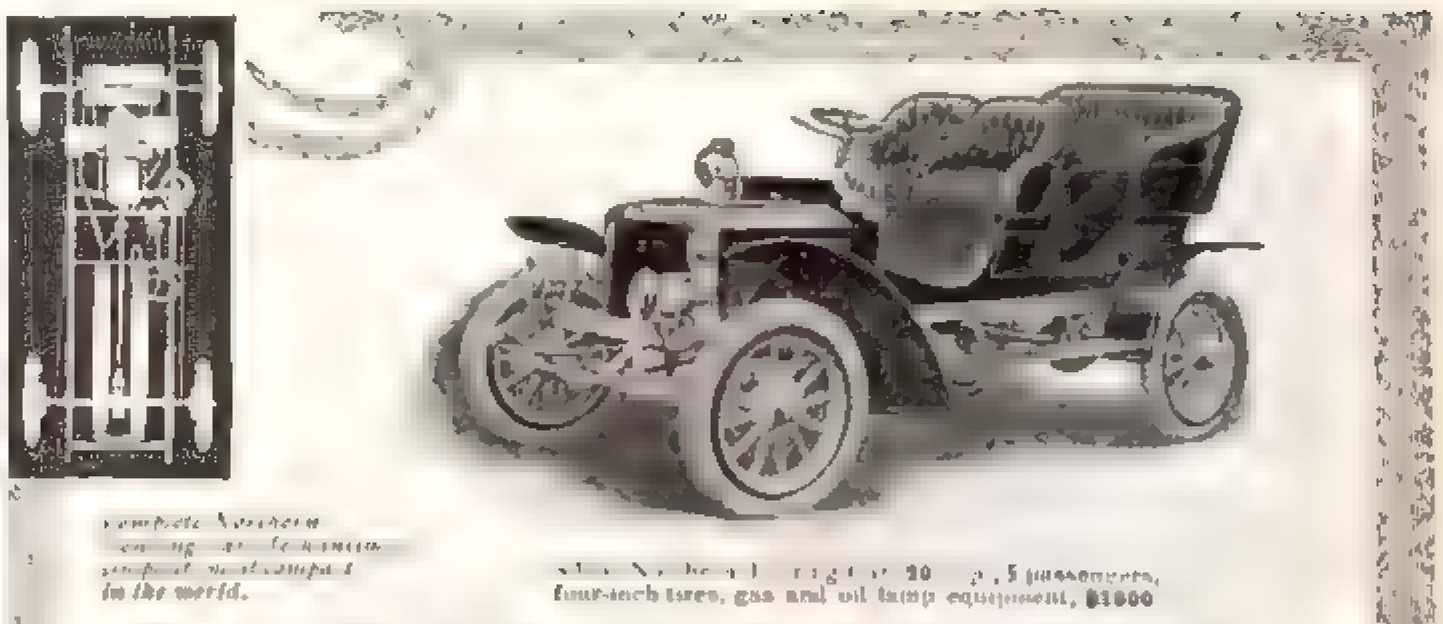
"*Har!*" By this time her stage whisper was approaching the horrified. "Stop that! You'll be having a smash in about one more minute!"

"Smash nothing! That machine can take three times what we're giving her. Stickley, you clam, are you drunk or only dopey?"

She delayed no longer, but swooped down upon him like a hawk. An interlude of fiercely murmured haranguing ensued.

"Rats! Rabbits! Guinea-pigs! That's all your feminine imagination! Don't you ever believe it!"

Another two-minute lecture in a perfervid whisper. And then the large engineering brother seemed, most unwillingly,



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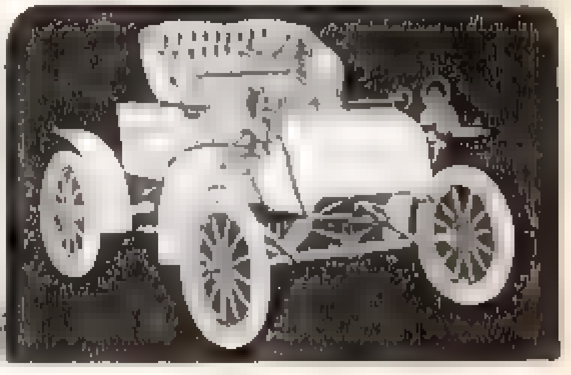

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to be acquiring a new viewpoint. "Oh, if you swear to it, of course! But you mustn't risk hurting his feelings, you know."

He labored up to the top, and sent autoward a bellow of friendship and pacification. "I say, Stickley, old man, it must be pretty darn warm up there on the box. Supposing we just block her wheels and let the engines cool while the three of us get the ram placed."

III

THE rest must be told with rapidity, because it was with rapidity it happened.

Undoubtedly Stickley would have been infinitely better advised had he refused to descend again at all. When he had descended, Staneland showed his unshaken confidence in him by allotting him the task of digging the post-holes for the ram platform.

If the strata of the bluff about the spring consisted largely of yellow clay broken with loam, fifty feet farther down that loam appeared only as a thin outer skin. Under it the clay was of the pure blue variety. And if you have ever attempted to dig post-holes in a pure blue clay, we can save ourselves any delay for the descriptive epithet. To Stickley it was like working in an element midway between soft glue and gutta-percha—an element, too, which was as heavy as white-lead. The blisters which one by one appeared upon his palms intervened merely as a kind of pleasant distraction.

As for brother Hargrave, his mind being now perfectly at ease once more, he swung back into the full tide of enthusiastic commandership. He and Hughes were fortifying the receiving puncheon with the collected "hard-heads." But he had still plenty of regard to spare for the activities of the man below them.

"Put yourself into it!" he exhorted. "You haven't really shown us what you can do yet! This is where you *really* get busy with the hands!"

Stickley was still wearing his tie and collar. He paused, and, with one twist and wrench of violence, removed those dankly clinging rags.

"Hoist it, now, hoist it!" continued Staneland. "Turn loose your vim, vivacity and vigor! In a little while you'll feel as if you'd been joining a new lodge!"

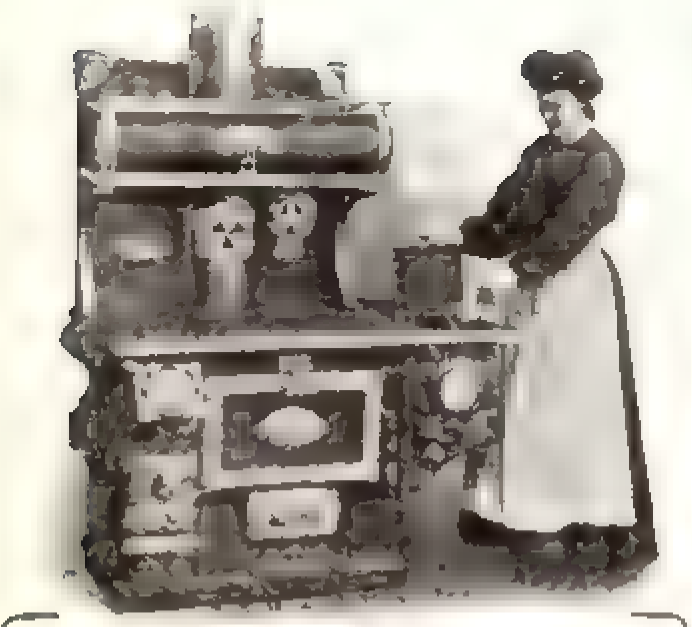
And ten minutes later he descended to see how his apprentice was getting along. "Moly Hoses!" he said; "not finished the *first* one yet? Well, I guess you'll just have to leave the others till to-morrow. We've all got to buck in together now, and get the piping distributed before Jimmy and I can get any forrader."

The pipes, leaning in irregular sheaves from the beach up the slope of the bank, were almost at Stickley's hand. Therefore, to him was given the job of passing them on to the middle man—Hughes took that place—and he in his turn would send them up to Staneland. The nearest bunch consisted only of three-quarter-inches. But to Stickley their weight was a thing wholly unanticipated. Also their ends, top and bottom, were smeared with some black, intensely disgusting, axle-greasy mixture. As he passed him the first length, G. Stuyvesant looked up to Jimmy Hughes to see how *he* would go about to avoid it—and he saw that Hughes did not seem to be trying to avoid it at all! More than that, he took that first length from him in a way that compelled him to put not merely his right hand into the mess, but his left as well.

Staneland was, meanwhile, still exhorting both of them. He had again come to the conclusion that he would have been away ahead had he taken on Dagoes, or even Polacks. And he foresaw that they'd keep him there till midnight, only getting started.

Stickley stopped once, but Miss Elsa was on the edge of the bank, and he went on again. It was intensely warm, and he kept mopping his face with his forearm, forgetting that it, too, had received its share of the axle-grease.

When it came to the fourth length he determined, with inward seething, that he would get hold of it lower down. As a result of the unwonted exertion, the heels of his "penetangs" scooped away that upper skin of loam, and he went slithering down into the paste of blue clay aforementioned. He got up, talking to himself, and, straddling the pipe, started to pass it underhand. This time his feet shot their grip as if they, too, had been greased. By throwing his head to one side he was able to avoid the iron, but he went once more into the soft Silurian, and now with his face and hands.



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He was recovering his balance and bloodshotly opening his eyes again, when he became aware that some one was calling at him from the river. "Hey! Hey, there! You in the explosive sweater and the pants! Just take this up to the boss, will you?"

That was absolutely all he said, and he might have meant his own boss, too. But Stickley was already, in a kind of spasm, attempting to dislodge a rock. It was too heavy for him, and he sent back the paddle instead. "By *gad!*" His voice was a yelling falsetto. "By gad, you blasted *fool*, you, who do you think I am?"

"Great Scott!" cried Jimmy Hughes, "what's the row?"

"He took me for a *hired man!* He thought I was some sort of *help!*"

"Thought you were some sort of help?" repeated Jimmy. "Go on!"

That was the one other thing that was needed. Stickley did not go on. He went off. He gave himself up to rage with almost that abandon of certain badly brought-up children who throw themselves on the floor and lash forth their fury with feet and hands and foamings at the mouth. It was one of those interesting revelations of innate character which in five minutes can read a grown-up male creature out of the ranks of manhood. From up above, Elsa Staneland caught some of the loveliest of it. She turned about, and, with the visage of those who do not hear at all, walked measuredly into the house.

In the mean time, brother Hargrave, with gaping mouth, was following Stickley in his hydrophobic progress to the top. "But, *Jerusalem!*" he kept reiterating, "if you'd merely tell us what's the matter! You make us feel that you're sore on *us*, as well!"

Stickley only made blindly for the stag shack and his rightful raiment. There was a mirror on the pine-box dresser. What he saw in it served to raise his fury to the inarticulate, and kept him from seeing the pail and basin in the corner. He remembered, too, that he had left his neck-gear down the bank. When he burst out of the door again and plunged for his machine, Staneland followed after him in a stutter of agitation. "Heavens above, this is awful, old chap; this is awful! And even if you *won't* tell us what the trouble is, we apologize, anyway. We're right down on the ground about this, right down on the ground!"

Stickley foamingly shook him off again. "By gad, I'll let you know you can't make a monkey of me! You'll find out I'm not such a fool as I look! And I'll get square on you for this, by gad, I will!"

He pitched himself into position, and, his engines roaring with him, champed rabidly out into the New Road.

The two turned back to where Miss Elsa stood in the French window.

"Whatever it was, Har," she said, "that made him act in that—that atrocious manner, I want to say just this: I think it was simply noble of you to humble yourself before him as you did. *I* couldn't have done it!"

"I—I tried to do the right thing." He shook his head. "But I can't help feeling that I must have been responsible in *some* way."

"No, indeed, you *weren't*, either! And don't you let your conscience trouble you one little bit!"

"I don't know. It may really have been through his bubble that he got turned inside out. But I thought it would only be giving him a chance to do some exhibition work—a sort of test of running qualities, and completeness of control, and general reliability, so to speak. You might say a test of ——"

She had turned slowly round. A great and horrid light was breaking upon her.

"*Ha-a-r-r!*"

But the moment during which congealed emotion held her rigid had given him his start for the stag shack. She could only pinch Jimmy Hughes as he attempted to follow him into safety.

"What was it he did to him? No nonsense, now—nor any evasions! I want to know this instant!"

"Why," said Jimmy with his usual simplicity and truth, "he didn't do a thing to him!"

"It's all right, Some one's else! It's all right!" cried brother Hargrave through the broken window. "You were saying that Stickley was only one of eleven or twelve. Just wire for the rest of 'em to-morrow, and we'll run 'em straight through. Jimmy and I have something here that's nothing short of inspirational!"

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Dept. 18, Battle Creek, Mich.

When Cupid Was a Cow-Punch

(Concluded from Page 5)

'long the ridge, like they'd been a snow-fall. Billy grinned, took out that shiny instrument an' give each of them pore little gum buttes the double cross—zip-*zap*, zip-*zap*, zip-*zap*, zip-*zap*. An', jumpin' buffaloes, *out pops four of the purtiest teeth a man ever seen!*

Bugs?—Rats!

"Now, a little Bella Donnie," says Bill, "an' the baby'll be O. K."

"O. K.!" says Rose. "Oh, Billy!" An' *sech* a kissin'—the baby, of *course*.

Ole man Hart stopped swearin' a minnit. "W'at's the row?" he ast.

"Teeth," says Billy.

Think of that! W'y, the trouble was so clost to Simpson that if it'd 'a' been a rattler, it'd 'a' bit him!

"*Teeth!*" says the ole man, like he didn't believe it.

"Come look," says Billy.

Hart, he walked over to the baby an' stoops down—an', all of a suddent, I seen his jaw go open, an' his eyes stick out so far you could 'a' knocked 'em off with a stick. Then he got red as a turkey gobbler. An' let out a reg'lar warwhoop.

"*Look* at 'em!" he yelped. "Rose! Alec!—*look* at 'em! Four all to oncet!" An' he give me sech a wallop on the back that it come near knockin' me down.

"I know," I says, sarcastic, "but, shucks! a baby ain't all teeth. This is a mighty puzzlin' case, an' Simpson ——"

"Shut you' bazoo," says the ole man, "an' look at them teeth! Four of a kin'—can y' beat it?"

"O-o-oh," I says, sniffin'; "so, so, I reckon, but any kid ——"

"*Any* kid!" yells the ole man, plumb aggravated. An' he was jus' turnin' roun' to give me one when—in limps Simpson!

"Mr. Hart," he says, "I come to make a complaint"—he shook his fist at me—"agin this here ruffian. He ——"

"Wow!" roars Hart. "Don't you trouble to make no complaints in *this* house. Here you been a-treatin' this baby for bugs when it was jus' teeth. Say! you ain't got sense 'nough to come in when it rains!"

That plumb rattled Simpson. He was gittin' a *reception* he didn't reckon on. But he tried t' keep up his game.

"This cowboy here is *responsible* for damages to my auto," he says. "The dashboard's smashed in to matches, the tumblin'-rods is broke, the spark-condenser's kaflummaxed, an' the hull darn business is skew-gee. This man's you' servant, an' if he don't pay I'll sue you."

"Sue?" says Hart; "*sue! You* needn't t' sue. You jus' sen' in you' bill. By thunder, it's worth the money to git shet of sech a dog-gone shyster as you! *Git.*"

An' with that, out goes Mr. Bugs. An' grandpa shakes my han'.

Then he turns roun' to Billy, an' I could see he was tryin' to look solemn as a jedge. "Trowbridge," he says, "you can make out you' bill, too."

Billy didn't say nuthin'; jus' went over to a table, pulled out a piece of paper an' a pencil an' begun t' write. Pritty soon he got up an' come back.

"Here, Mr. Hart," he says.

I was right byside the ole man, an'—couldn't help it—I stretched to read w'at Billy writ.

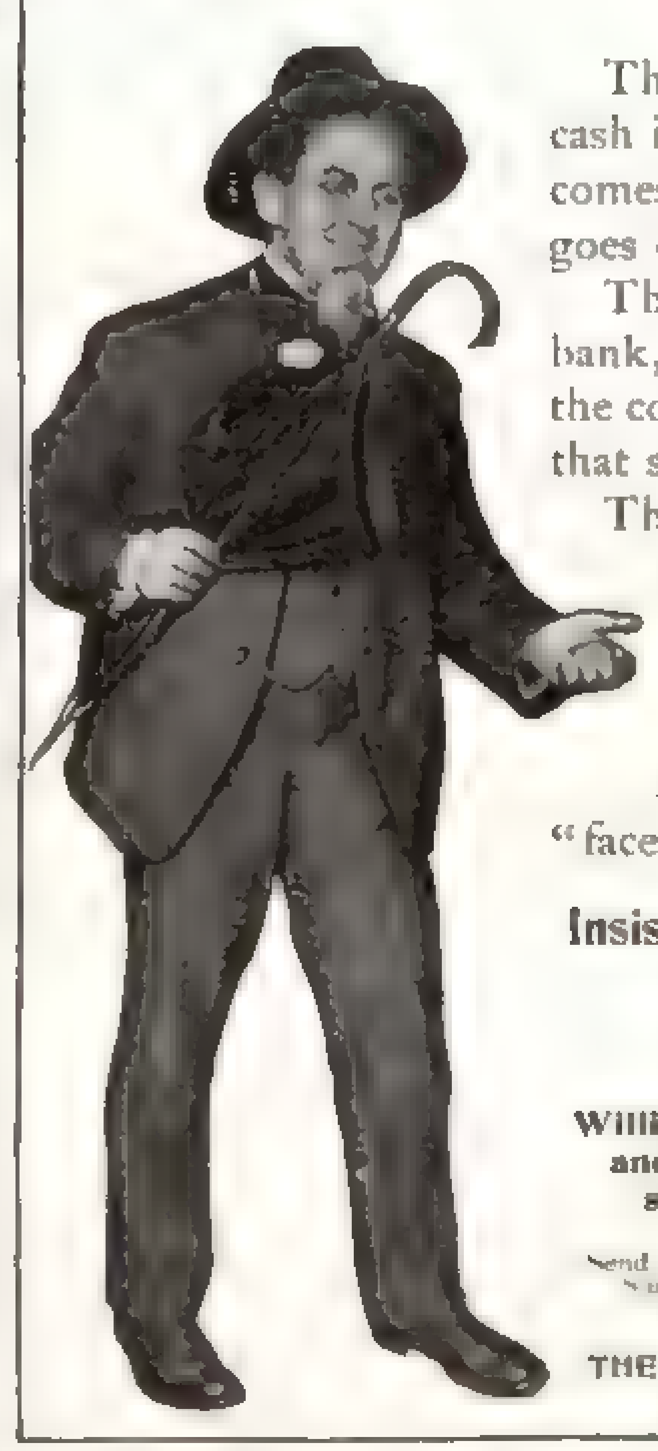
An' this was it:

"*Mr. John Hart debtor to W. A. Trowbridge, for services—the han' of one Rose Andrews, in marriage.*"

Hart he read the paper over an' over, turnin' all kin's of colors. An' Billy an' me come blame near chokin' fr'm holdin' our breaths. Rose was lookin' up at us an' at her pa, too, so anxious. As for that kid, it was a-kickin' its laigs into the air an' gurglin' like a bottle.

Fin'lly the ole man looked at me, then he looked at Rose, then he looked at the baby, then he looked at Bill.

"Wal," he says at las', kinda slow, holdin' out that paper—"Wal, Doctor Trowbridge, I—I reckon y' might as well receipt this."



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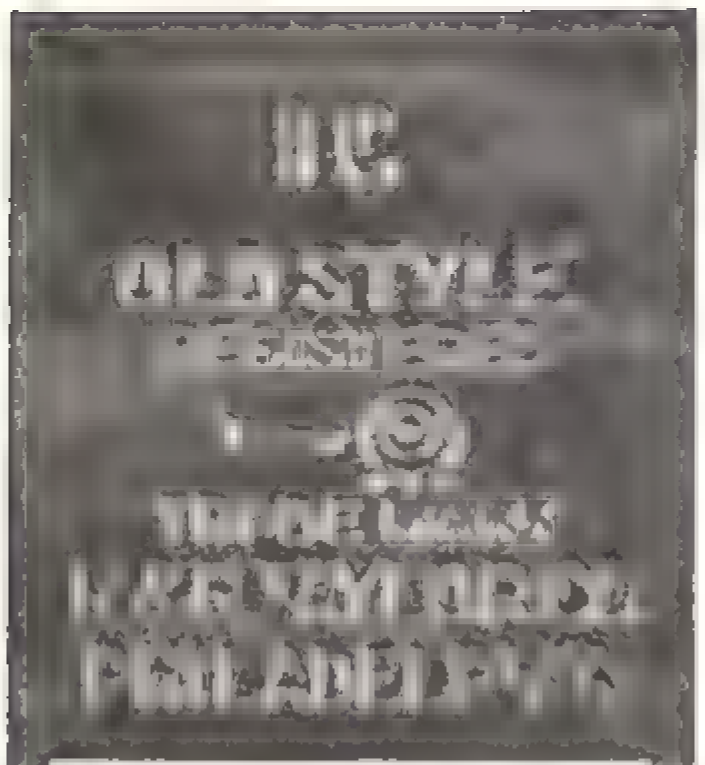

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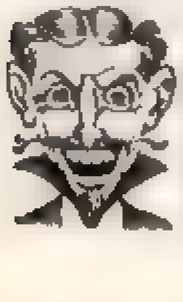

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Nicholas The Irresolute

(Concluded from Page 2)

appointed Minister President, and in a wild outburst of acclamation the Russians welcomed the dawn of a new era.

Alas, the rejoicings were premature! Count Witte in vain appealed to the leaders of the Zemstvo party to join his ministry in order to give immediate effect to the Imperial program of liberty and progress. It was too late. They had committed themselves too deeply to the revolutionary movement. Some of them shrank from the risk of losing their popularity. None of them trusted Witte. Baffled and chagrined, Count Witte had to put together an administration of mere officials and carry on from day to day as best he could. One of his first acts, the declaration of martial law in Poland—a foolish measure which was soon afterward withdrawn—widened the breach between him and the Liberals. Meanwhile, the reactionary forces in Odessa, Kishineff, and many other towns, alarmed at what they regarded as the capture of the Emperor by the Jews, let loose the hooligans of the slums upon the Jews.

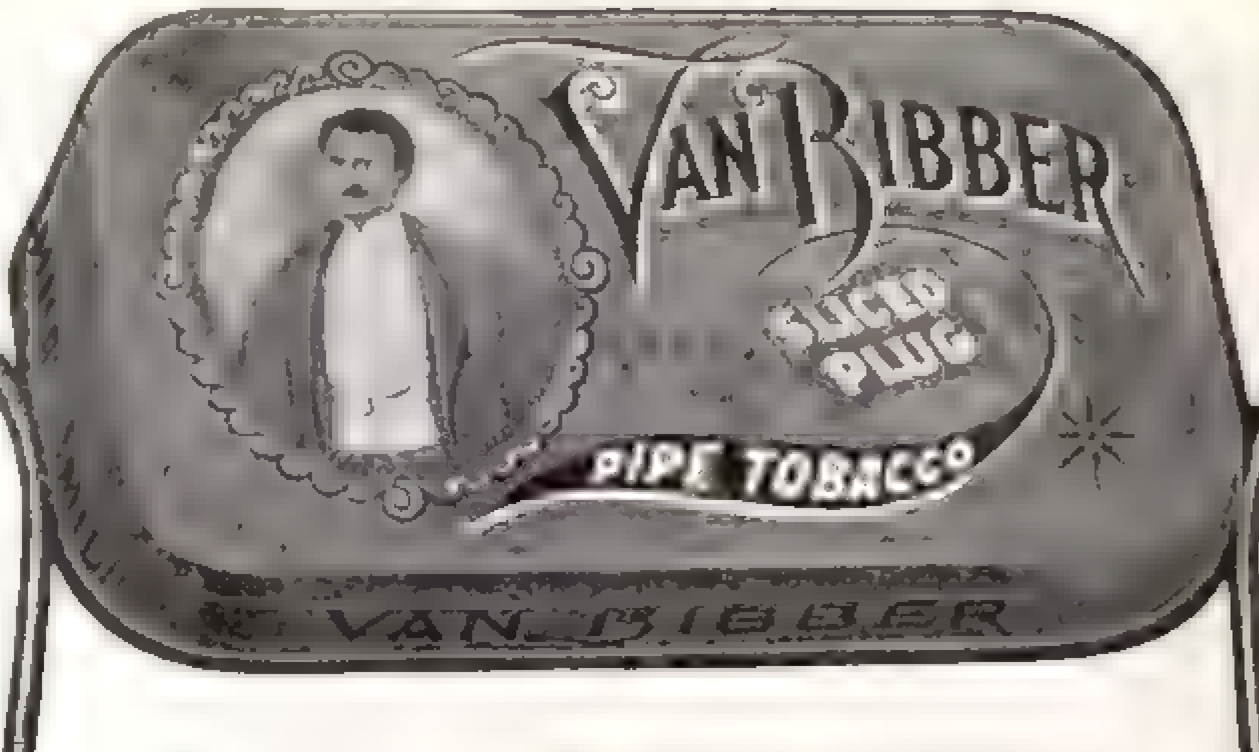
The spirit of discontent was rife in the navy. It was diligently fanned by the revolutionists and was not long in bursting into flame. A drunken mutiny at Cronstadt was magnified into a great naval revolt. When the mutineers were overpowered, the Council of Workmen in St. Petersburg threatened a general strike. The strike did not become general, but so far as it went it gave the revolutionary leaders a fresh ground for appeal to the confidence of the soldiers and sailors of the Czar. The mutiny in Cronstadt was speedily followed by a far more serious outburst at Vladivostock. Then came the revolt of part of the fleet at Sebastopol which was speedily quelled. But in the Far East at Harbin, where the defeated army of General Linevitch perished with hunger and cold, the mutiny took far more serious proportions. Warehouses full of stores were given to the flames by an infuriated soldiery, who destroyed in their madness the rations on which they had to subsist through the winter

Serious as were the military and naval revolts, they were less deadly than the risings of the peasants. In fifteen governments the crops had failed. In all of the governments revolutionary emissaries had been busy ordering the peasants in the name of the Czar to seize the property of their landlords. A hideous jacquerie reigned on either side of the Volga, and estate after estate was ravaged by bands of infuriated peasants. Landowners fled for their lives from the ruins of their fire-blackened houses. Cattle were slaughtered, horses mutilated. The Government, confronted with the agrarian revolution, dispatched General Sakharoff, ex-Minister of War, with all the available Cossacks, to restore order. Cossacks are very good fellows at home, the Colonials of Russia, the rough-riders of the Don and the Ural. But when they are let loose upon a countryside which has to be pacified they are as avenging fiends. Outrage and rapine, flogging and murder reign supreme.

General Sakharoff was assassinated by a woman who shot him dead to avenge the torture which the peasants suffered at the hands of the Cossacks. Another general was sent in his stead, and so the bloody work goes on.

Belasco as a Boy

"I WAS always fond of the theatre," said David Belasco, speaking to a friend. "As a child, and when Edwin Forrest played Metamora, I was the little Indian boy. And in Pizarro, Charles Kean carried me in his arms during the combat scene. I had a little theatre in my father's cellar, and would charge admission to the boys who cared to see me act. Then with the money thus made I'd go to a playhouse once a week. I always chose Saturday nights, for then the custom was for the stock company to give a triple bill, a tragedy, a burlesque and a farce. I thus managed to get all forms of the drama for one price of admission—and when one's income is small one must hunt bargains. And yet—and yet to-day I have no head for business. Little things upset me so!"



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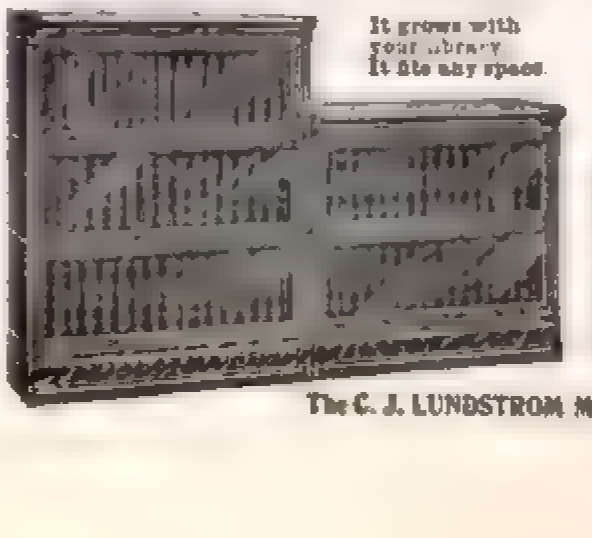

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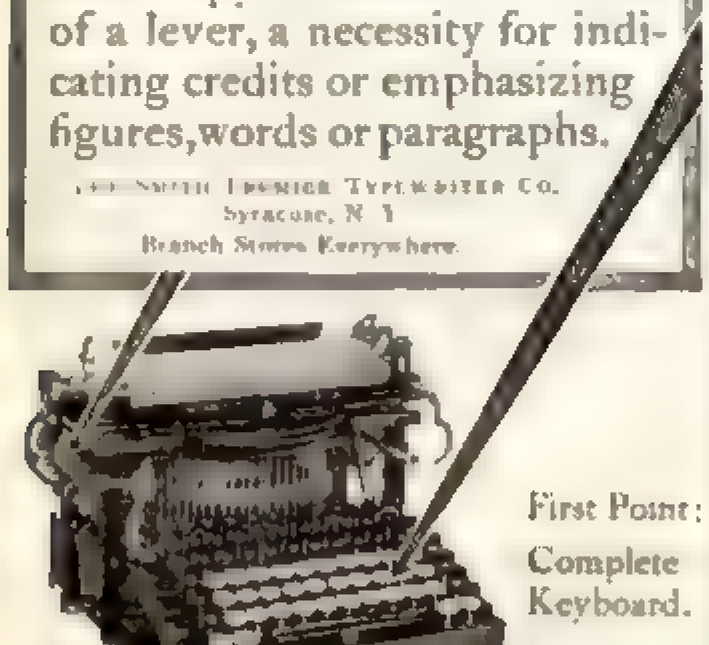

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LADY BALTIMORE

(Continued from Page 11)

for me with the conveyance in which he should drive us out into the lonely country through the sunny afternoon; but instead, I chose to walk round to where he lived, and where I found him stuffing beneath the seats of the vehicle the baskets and the parcels which contained the provisions for our ample supper.

"I have never seen you drink hearty yet, and now I purpose to," said John.

As the packing was finishing, Miss Josephine St. Michael came by; and the sight of the erect old lady reminded me that of all Kings Port figures known to me and seen in the garden paying their visit of ceremony to Hortense, she alone—she and Eliza La Heu—had been absent. Eliza's declining to share in that was well-nigh inevitable, but Miss Josephine was another matter. Perhaps she had considered her sister's going there to be enough; at any rate, she had not been party to the surrender, and this gave me whimsical satisfaction. Moreover, it had evidently occasioned no ruffle in the affectionate relations between herself and John.

"John," said she, "as you drive by, do get me a plumber."

"Much better get a burglar, Aunt Josephine. Cheaper in the end, and neater work."

It was thus, at the outset, that I came to believe John's spirits were high; and this illusion he successfully kept up until after we had left the plumber and Kings Port several sordid miles behind us; the approach to Kings Port this way lies through dirtiest Africa. John was loquacious; John discoursed upon the replacers; Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael had quite evidently expressed to her own circle what she thought of them; and the town in consequence, although it did not see them or their automobiles, because it appeared they were gone some twenty miles inland upon an excursion to a resort where was a large hotel, and a little variety in the way of some tourists of the replacer stripe—the town kept them well in its mind's eye. The automobiles would have sufficed to bring them into disrepute, but Kings Port had a better reason in their conduct in the church; and John found many things to say to me, as we drove along, about Bohm and Charley and Kitty. Gazza he forgot, although, as shall appear in its place, Gazza was likely to live a long while in his memory. Beverly Rodgers he, of course, recognized as being a gentleman—it was clear that Beverly met with Kings Port's approval—and, from his Newport experiences, John was able to make out quite as well as if he had heard Beverly explain it himself the whole wise philosophic system of joining with the replacers in order that you be not replaced yourself.

"In his shoes mightn't I do the same?" he surmised. "I fear I'm not as Spartan as my aunts—only pray don't mention it to them!"

And then, because I had been answering him with single syllables, or with nods, or not at all, he taxed me with my taciturnity; he even went so far as to ask me what thoughts kept me so silent—which I did not tell him.

"I am wondering," I told him instead, "how much they steal every week."

"Those financiers?"

"Yes. Bohm is president of an insurance company, and Charley's a director, and reorganizes railroads."

"Well, if other people share your pleasant opinion of them, how do they get elected?"

"Other people share their pleasant spoils—senators, vestrymen—you can't be sure who you're sitting next to at dinner any more. Come live North. You'll find the only safe way is never to know anybody worth more than five millions—if you wish to keep the criminal classes off your visiting list."

This made him merry. "Put 'em in jail, then!"

"Ah, the jail!" I returned. "It's the great American joke. It reverses the rule of our smart society. Only those who have no incomes are admitted."

"But what do you have laws and lawyers for?"

"To keep the rich out of jail. It's called 'professional etiquette.'"

"Your picture flatters!"

"You flatter me; it's only a photograph. Come North and see."

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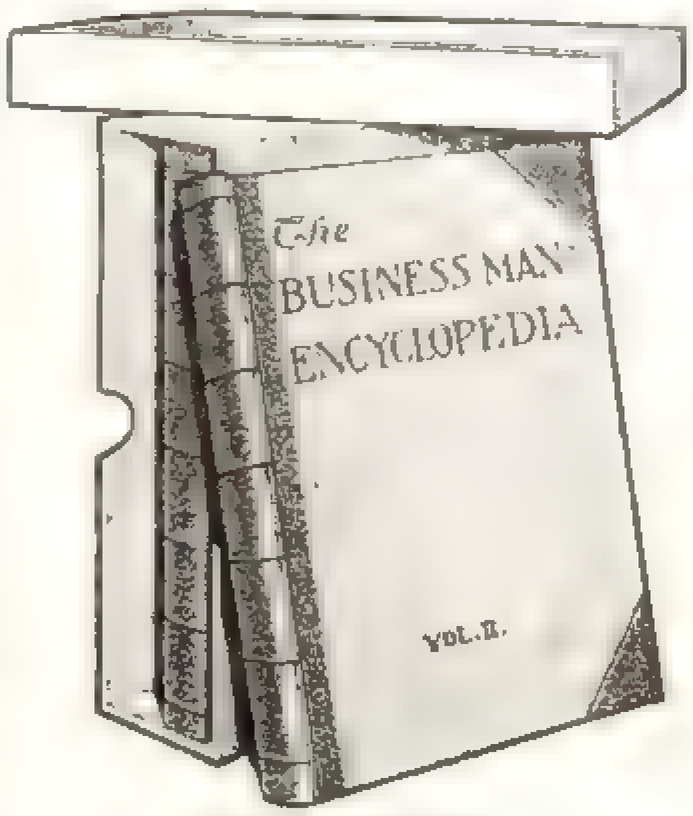

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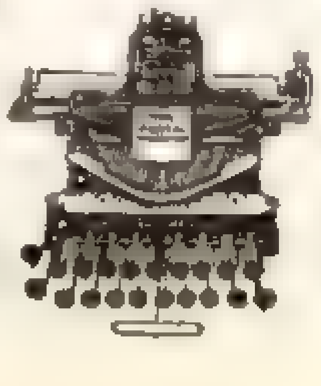

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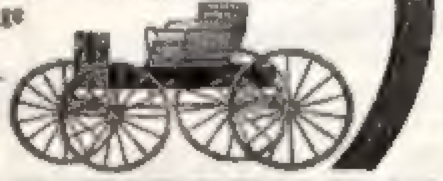

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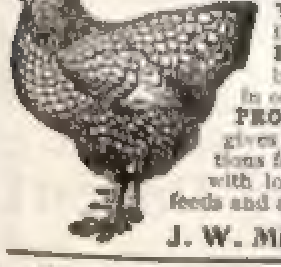

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"Oh, dear no! The American had much rather be good than bad!"

"Your admission amazes me!"

"But also the American had rather be rich than good. And he is having his wish."

John touched the horses. "You're particularly cheerful to-day."

"No. I merely summarize what I'm seeing."

"Well, a moral awakening will come."

"Inevitably. To-morrow, perhaps. The flesh has had a good, long, prosperous day, and the hour of the spirit must be near striking. And the moral awakening will be followed by a moral slumber, since, in the uncomprehended scheme of things, slumber seems necessary; and you needn't pull so long a face, Mr. Mayrant, because the slumber will be followed by another moral awakening. The alcoholic society girl you don't like will very probably give birth to a water-drinking daughter—who in her turn may produce a bibulous progeny; how often must I tell you that nothing is final?"

John Mayrant gave the horses a somewhat vicious lash after these last words of mine; and, as he made no retort to them, we journeyed some little distance in silence through the mild, enchanting light of the sun. My deliberate allusion to alcoholic girls had made plain what I had begun to suspect. I could now discern that his cloak of gayety had fallen from him, leaving bare the same harassed spirit, the same restless mood, which had been his upon the last occasion when we had talked at length together upon some of the present social and political phases of our Republic—that day of the New Bridge and the advent of Hortense. Only, upon that day, he had by his manner in some subtle fashion conveyed to me a greater security in my discretion than I felt him now to entertain. His many observations about the replacers, with always the significant and conspicuous omission of Hortense, proved more and more, as I thought it over, that his state was unsteady. Even now, he did not long endure silence between us; yet the eagerness which he threw into our discussions did not, it seemed to me, so much proceed from present interest in their subjects (though interest there was at times) as from anxiety lest one particular subject, ever present with him, should creep in unawares. So much I, at any rate, concluded, and bided my time for the creeping in unawares, content meanwhile to parry some of the reproaches which he now and again cast at me with an earnestness real or feigned.

We had made now considerable progress, and were come to a space of sand and cabins and intersecting railroad tracks, where freight cars and locomotives stood, and negroes of all shapes, but of one lowering and ragged appearance, lounged and stared.

"There used to be a murder here about once a day," said John, "before the dispensary system. Now, it is once a week."

"That law is of benefit, then?" I inquired.

"To those who drink the whisky, possibly; certainly to those who sell it!" And he condensed for me the long story of the State dispensary, which in brief appeared to be that South Carolina had gone into the liquor business. The profits were to pay for compulsory education; the liquor was to be pure; society and sobriety were to be advanced; such had been the threefold promise, of which the threefold fulfillment was—defeat of the compulsory education bill, a political monopoly enriching favored distillers, "and lately," said John, "a thoroughly democratic whisky for the plain people. Pay ten cents for a bottle of X, if you're curious; it may not poison you—but the murders are coming up again."

"What a delightful example of Government ownership!" I exclaimed.

But John in Kings Port was not in the way of hearing that cure-all policy discussed, and I therefore explained it to him. He did not seem to grasp my explanation.

"I don't see how it would change anything," he remarked, "beyond switching the stealing from one set of hands to another."

I put on a face of concern. You don't believe in our patent American short-cuts?"

"Short-cuts?"

"Certainly. Short-cuts to universal happiness, universal honesty, universal everything. For instance: Write it down that man is equal. That settles it. You'll notice how equal he is at once. Write it down that the negro shall vote. You'll

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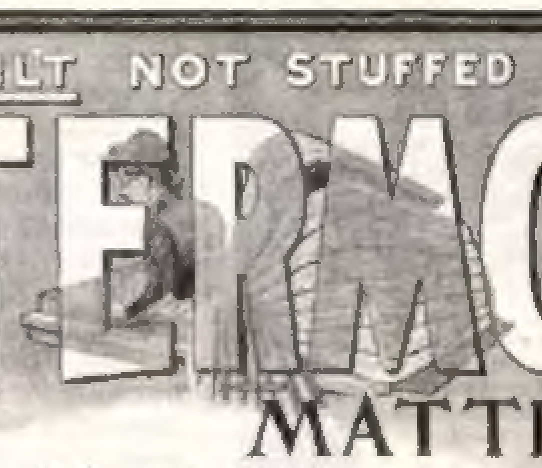

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observe how instantly he is fit for the suffrage. Now they want it written down that Government shall take all the wicked corporations, because then corruption will disappear from the face of the earth. You'll find the farmers presently having it written down that all hens must hatch their eggs in a week. Oh, we Americans are very thorough!" And I laughed.

But John's face was not gay. "Well," he mused, "South Carolina took a short-cut to pure liquor and sober citizens—and reached instead a new den of thieves. Is the whole country sick?"

"Sick to the marrow, my friend; but young and vigorous still. A nation in its long life has many illnesses before the one it dies of. But we shall need some strong medicine if we do not get well soon."

"What kind?"

"Ah, that's beyond any one! And we have several things the matter with us—as bad a case, for example, of complacency as I've met in history. Complacency's a very dangerous disease, seldom got rid of without the purge of a great calamity. And worse, where does our dishonesty begin, and where end? The boy goes to college, and there in football it awaits him; he graduates, and in the downtown office it smirks at him; he rises into the confidence of his superiors, the town's chief citizens, and finds their gray hairs crowned with it. Presently he faces worldly success or failure, and then, in the new ocean of mind that has swallowed morals up, he sinks with his isolated honesty, like a fool, or swims to respectability with his brother knaves. And into this mess the immigrant sewage of Europe is steadily pouring. Such is our Continent to-day, with all its fair winds and tides and fields favorable to us, and only our shallow, complacent, dishonest selves against us! But don't let these considerations make you gloomy; for (I must say it again) nothing is final, and even if we rot before we ripen—which would be a wholly novel phenomenon—we shall have made our contribution to mankind in demonstrating by our collapse that the sow's ear belongs with the rest of the animal, and not in the voting booth or the legislature, and that the doctrine of universal suffrage should have waited until men were born honest and equal. That in itself would be a memorable service to have rendered."

We had come into the divine, sad stillness of the woods, where the warm sunlight shone through the gray moss, lighting the curtained solitudes away and away into the depths of the golden afternoon; and somewhere amid the miles of sleeping wilderness sounded the hoarse honk of the automobile. The replacers were abroad, enjoying what they could in this country where they did not belong, and which did not as yet belong to them.

"If," said John Mayrant, "what you have said is true, the nation had better get on its knees and pray God to give it grace."

I looked at the boy and saw that his countenance had grown very fine. "The act," I said, "would bring grace, wherever it comes from."

"Yes," he assented. "If in the stars and awfulness of space there's nothing, that does not trouble me; for my greater self is inside me, safe. And our country has a greater self somewhere. Think!"

"I do not have to think," I replied, "when I know the nobleness we have risen to at times."

"And I," he pursued, "happen to believe it is not all only stars and space; and that God, as much as any shipbuilder, rejoices to watch every tiniest boat meet and brave the storm."

Out of his troubles he had brought such mood, sweetness instead of bitterness; he was saying as plain as if his actual words said it, "Misfortune has come to me, and I am going to make the best of it." His nobleness, his moral elegance, compelled him to this, and I envied him, not sure if I myself, thus placed, would acquit myself so well. And there was in his sweetness a contagion that strangely reconciled me to the troubled aspects of our national hour. I thought, "Invisible among our eighty millions there is a quiet legion living untainted in the depths, while the yellow rich, the prismatic scum and bubbles, boil on the surface." Yes, he had accidentally helped me, and I wished doubly that I might help him. It was well enough he should feel he must not shirk his duty, but how much better if he could be led to see that marrying where he did not love was no duty of his.

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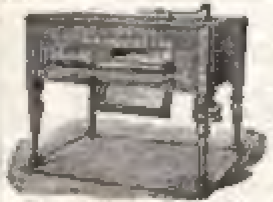

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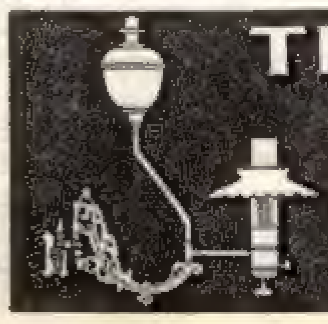
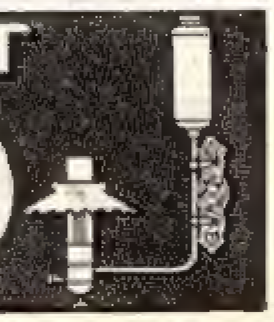

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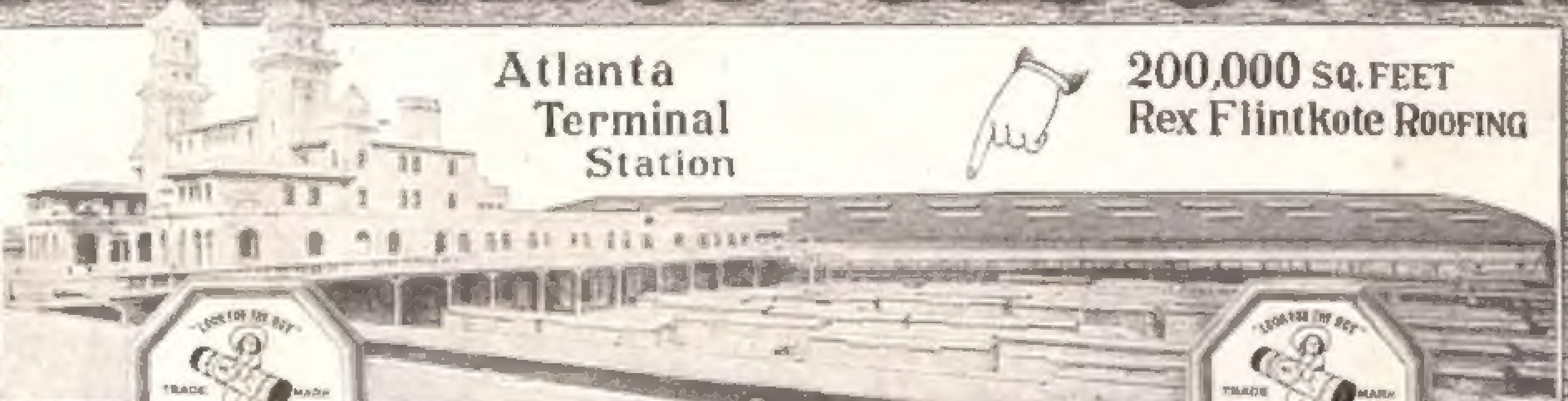
Rex Flintkote ROOFING



The new Atlanta Terminal, one of the largest and most important buildings of the new South (pictured above) is protected with 200,000 square feet of **Rex Flintkote Roofing.**

This building *was put up to stay.* It cost $1,600,000. From foundation to tower, there was room only *for the best.* No sane man will take chances with his roof, and the builders threw wide the doors of competition in their search for something in which *quality* (not price) should be the supreme consideration.

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They Chose Rex Flintkote

If it stood the requirements and tests of this magnificent, permanent structure, it may be safely chosen by the owners of buildings of all kinds, large and small, from a factory covering acres to a poultry house a few feet in area.

For our mutual protection *insist* on REX FLINTKOTE. It costs more to make, so costs more to buy. It is designed for wise men who want a roofing *that roofs,* and who count long life and real protection more than the immediate saving of a *half* cent a foot. We assume *you* to be such a man. Our book (mailed free with samples of REX FLINTKOTE) gives testimonials from users from Maine to Texas.

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43 India St., Boston, Mass.
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There are two kinds of prepared roofs. One made *to sell,* one made to *buy*—and to buy a *second* time.

The facts given on the opposite side prove the *quality* of **Rex Flintkote Roofing** and explain why it easily commands the highest price.

The dealer who sells it won't try to dodge you a year from now. He values your good will and future trade more than an immediate larger profit.

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They tell the story as no advertisement can. They explain its durability and ease of laying; and tell why, all over the world, in all kinds of climate, on all kinds of buildings, permanent and temporary (from the magnificent structures of the St. Louis Exposition, roofed with it, to the humblest poultry house), **Rex Flintkote** is rapidly supplanting all other roofing. *It can be laid* by any ordinary workman—everything required to lay it is in every roll.

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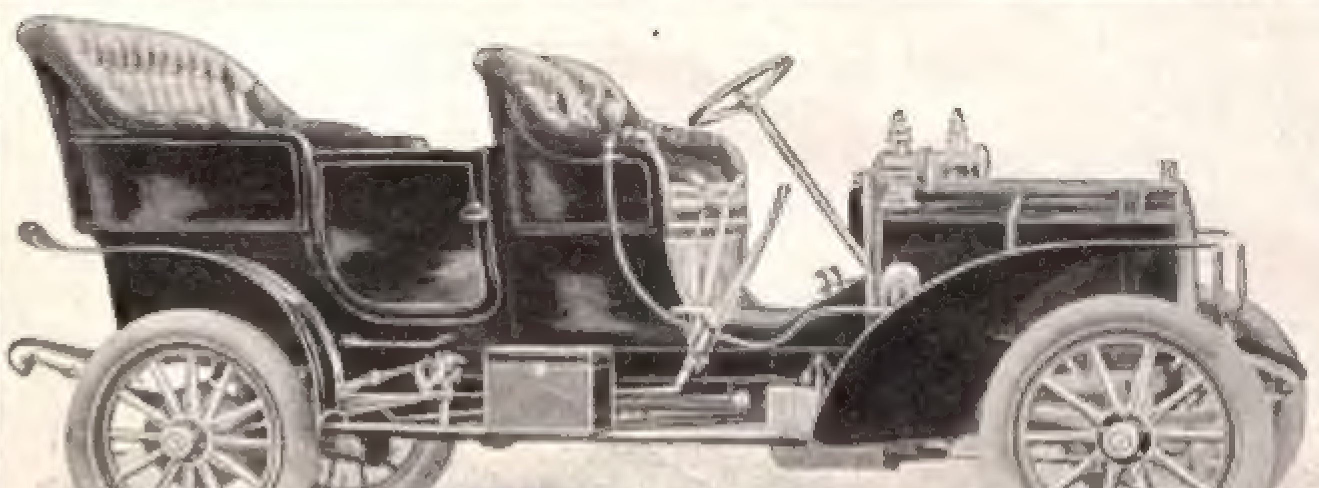

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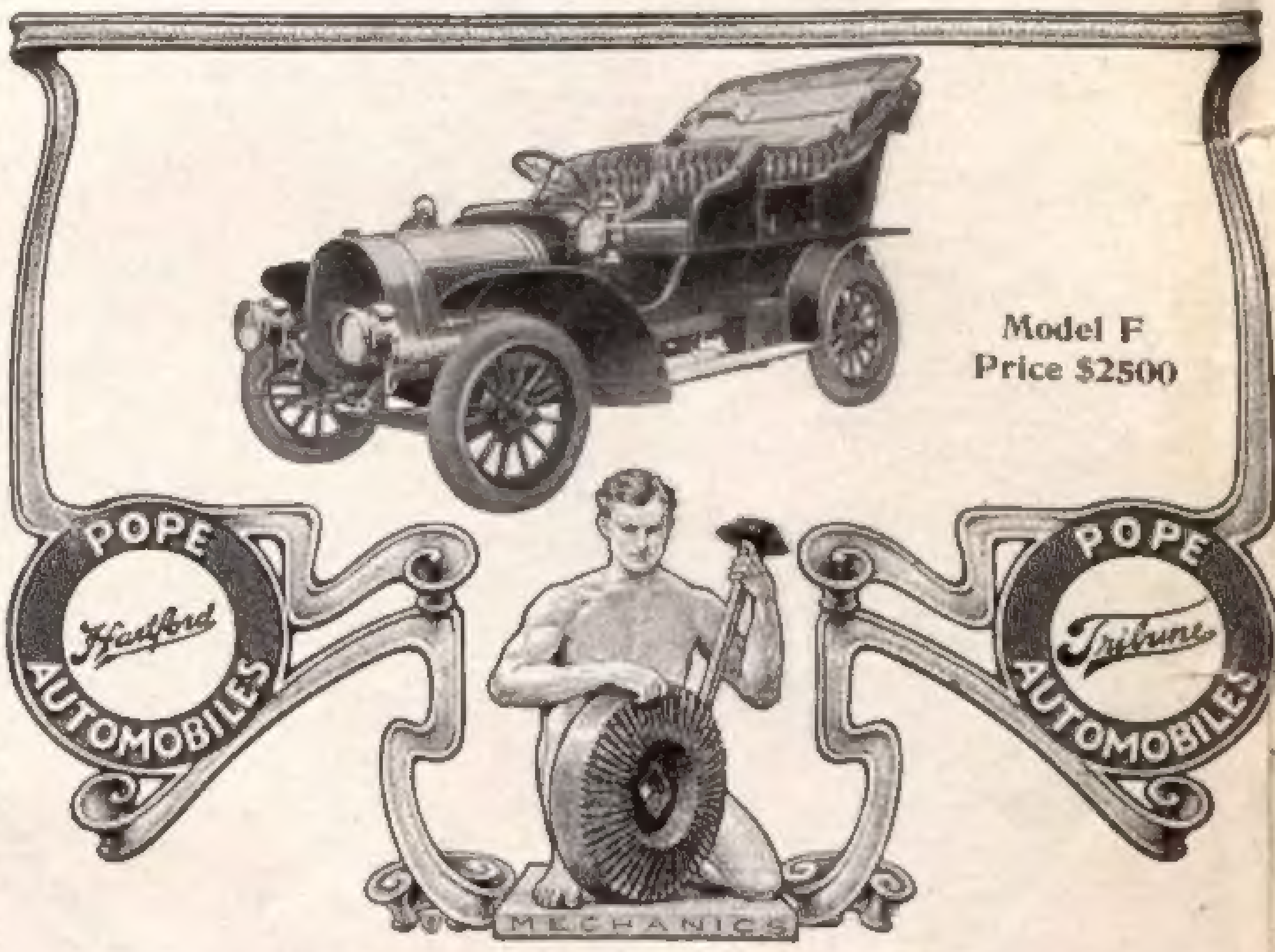

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Price $2500

The 1906 Model

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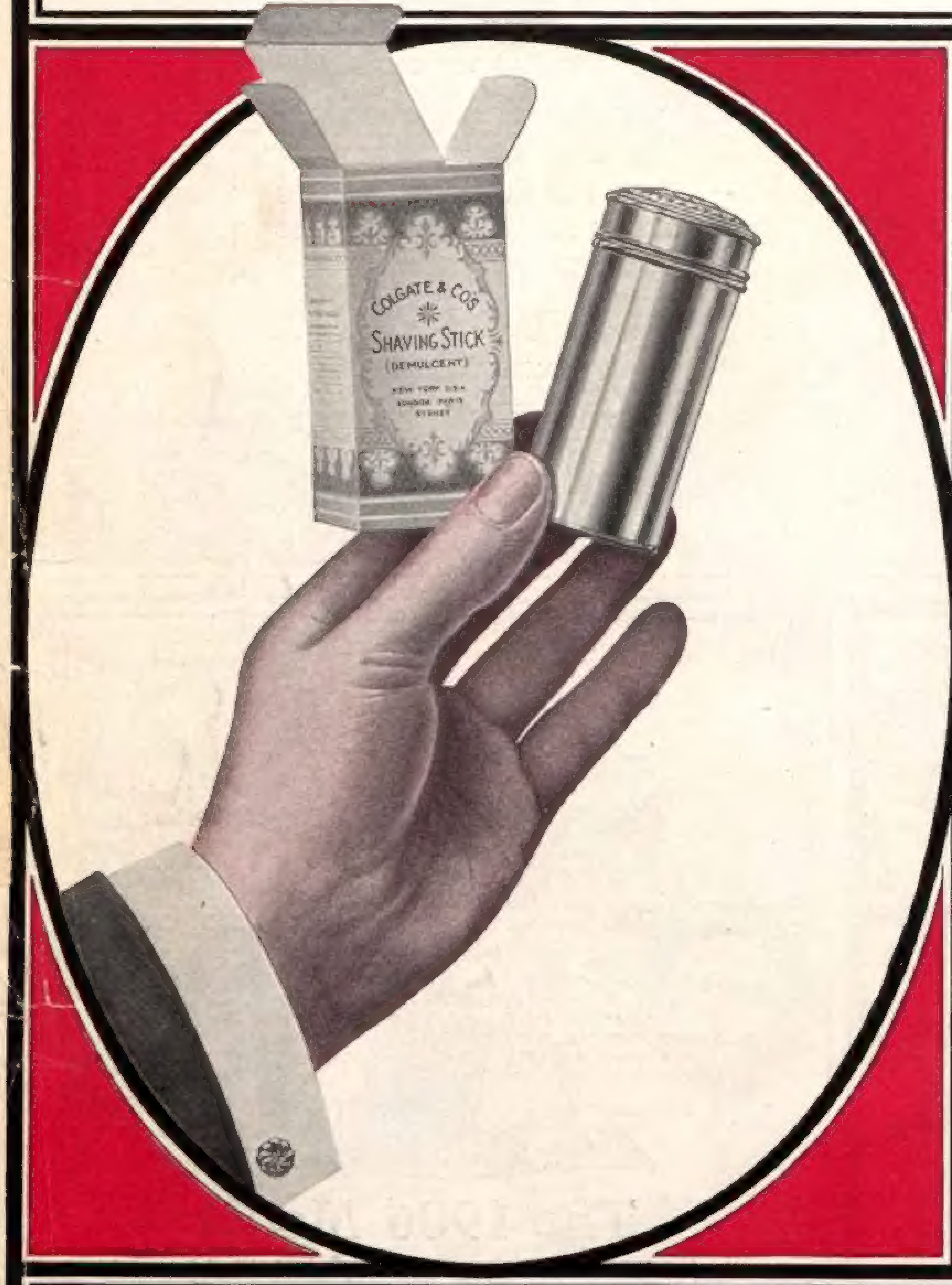

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